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The Labor Crisis

PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN should have been worried by all that cheering. He should have looked hard a second time at the cheer leaders. Because then he would have recognized his old political enemies, the enemies of every decent piece of legislation he has sent down since he took office, the enemies of Franklin D. Roosevelt. For years they had been waiting for just this chance—the chance to tear to shreds the charter of labor's rights which the New Deal Administration had written into the law of the land. All they needed were two short speeches by a weak, baffled, angry man.

No one will deny that the President was faced with a tough situation which called for strength and statesmanship of a high order. In our intricate industrial civilization a rail stoppage is a major disaster. It disorganizes the entire community and almost immediately brings serious hardship to large sections of the people. The President had to do everything in his power to avert the strike. If, despite his best efforts, it took place, then it was his duty to take all necessary steps to get the trains running again. What must be asked is: Could Presidential action have averted the strike? Once the strike took place, could it have been ended in a way less harmful to labor and to the democratic heritage of the nation?

Now it will be recalled that in an effort to reach a settlement, the unions and the operators utilized the various procedures laid down by the Railway Act, the last of which is Presidential intervention. On another page Tris Coffin describes from the official transcript the meeting between the union officials and Mr. Truman on May 14, four days before the strike was first scheduled, nine days before it actually took place. The report reveals that even then Mr. Truman was driving pig-headedly toward a showdown. As in his Friday broadcast, he seemed determined to leave the union no alternative but capitulation.

It was dramatically effective to load the entire blame on Whitney and Johnston, whose "obstinate arrogance" was responsible for the strike. But it was less than candid of the President to refrain from mentioning that after these men had turned down the President's offer of 18½ cents with no change in working conditions, a second offer was carried to them by Secretaries Byrnes and Schwellenbach. This second offer included the changes in working conditions recommended by the President's fact-finding board. It was acceptable by the union. *It was turned down by the companies.* It appeared then that a compromise was emerging, and a heavy responsibility rested on the President to keep negotiations open. Sipping ice cream at a White House garden party while the critical deadline passed may be evidence of admirable sang-froid: it does not suggest the conduct of a national leader concerned only with warding off disaster, not with gaining revenge.

On the other hand, Messrs. Whitney and Johnston hardly showed the generalship one would expect of seasoned, conservative trade-union leaders. They allowed themselves to be overtaken by events and placed in the position of being responsible for the strike. They had a good case. The threat of a general tie-up gave them the same kind of advantage that Mr. Lewis has exploited so expertly. But once the deadline had passed and the strike was on they lost every advantage. The President was forced to act. He could build on mounting public resentment and interpret events to suit his arguments and enforce his drastic proposal.

Mr. Truman was not forced, however, to ignore in his

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That we appreciate the loyalty and interest of our subscribers goes without saying, and we sincerely hope to repay them with a magazine of ever increasing excellence.

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Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey

Managing Editor J. King Gordon — *Washington Editor* I. F. Stone — *Literary Editor* Randall Jarrell*

European Editor: J. Alvarez del Vayo

Associate Editors
Robert Bendiner, Keith Hutchison, Maxwell S. Stewart

Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin

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Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx

Advertising Manager: William B. Brown

Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

* Margaret Marshall on leave of absence.

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radio speech the genuine grievances of the rail workers and the fact that they were solidly behind the "two men" he condemned so bitterly. He could have recognized that the companies had contributed at least equally to the emergency and that strike action had become the union's only alternative to capitulation. He could have given assurances that in taking over the roads he was acting solely for the benefit of the country without regard to the interests of the stockholders. So long as seizure means hoisting the stars and stripes over private property while under its protection the owners keep control of the till, it is obviously a weapon whose cutting edge is directed against the workers. If the President, at the time he took over the railroads had asked Congress, as he did subsequently, for the power to appropriate profits during the period of government operation, it is probable that the stoppage would not have taken place.

Even more serious than Mr. Truman's inept handling of the crisis were the emergency measures he proposed to a Congress already thirsting for blood. He could plead that such legislation would run out six months after the official end of the war. He could urge patience and restraint in making permanent revisions in the Wagner act. He could protest his undying friendship for labor. He could even say a kind word for the mortally wounded OPA. But what he actually did was to provide the formula and the angry insistence that *now, without delay,* labor be made to toe the line. If necessary coal *would* be mined with bayonets.

It was rather terrifying to see the House of Representatives jam through with obvious relish and with so little dissent a measure aimed at the basic liberties of Americans. In the present situation there was no call for the savagery of this legislation. To thus threaten with injunction, dismissal, loss of seniority, drafting into the army, American workers who withhold their labor because they feel they have a legitimate grievance is to take a long step forward toward the fascist state.

The Senate's present trouble concerns the long-range program, and there it has given scant attention to Mr. Truman's recommendation for a six-month cooling-off period—for Senators. Instead, the diehards have taken new courage from Mr. Truman's outbursts to press the fight home against the battling liberals led by Pepper, Murray, and Morse. After his Friday speech three dangerous amendments to the Case Bill were adopted by the Senate. If this bill becomes law in its present form practically every legal safeguard labor has won in the past twelve years will have been destroyed.

It is not in Congress but in the emerging political pattern of the country that Mr. Truman's action will have the most lasting effect. Not only the Brotherhoods, which have already declared themselves committed to his political defeat, but the great bulk of organized labor are

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reacting with a violent unanimity. It is too early to say that the Democratic Party has lost the labor vote without which it cannot hope to win another election: the anti-labor views of the Republican leadership are not very inviting. The question of a third party is bound to be raised with new seriousness. But the immediate effect of the events in Washington last week-end will be the intensification of the drive to eliminate the enemies of labor from the Democratic Party, particularly in the South. And in this sorting of sheep from goats it is doubtful whether Harry Truman will be able to vindicate his role as labor's friend. His garlands of good-will bear too close a resemblance to poison ivy.

The Shape of Things

CIVIL WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES IS FAST approaching. Military and propaganda groundwork has been well laid. The military police of President Roxas, equipped with American arms, are deploying their forces to mop up the left-wing opposition based on Central Luzon. Simultaneously, the American-owned Manila *Daily Bulletin* and Roxas's *Daily News* have opened the bombardment with tales of kidnaping, torture, terrorism, and "free love"—forgetting, apparently, that the Soviets are now puritanical about the marriage tie. The real conflict is between the wealthy feudal landlords represented by Roxas and the impoverished peasantry who formed the base of the Hukbalahap guerrillas and are now organized in the Democratic Alliance, which supported Osmeña in the recent election. The alliance elected seven parliamentary representatives who are expected to put up a strong fight for social and economic reforms and independence from American economic control. Recognizing this, attempts have been made to refuse them seats. The feudal barons and their American supporters know they cannot have their own way unless they crush the organized Luzon peasantry. It seems likely that not all the explosive sounds which will be heard on July 4 will be in celebration of Philippine Independence Day.

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HOPE THAT THE OPA WILL BE SAVED BY THE Senate has been dimmed by the unexpectedly harsh amendments adopted by its Banking Committee. Although the committee has improved on the House version of the bill by extending the life of the OPA for a year instead of nine months, it has actually done little to strengthen the OPA's enfeebled enforcement powers. By a two-vote margin the Senate committee went along with the House in abolishing M. A. P., the only effective measure yet devised to increase the supplies of low-priced clothing. Subsidies were cut to approximately 50 per cent of the minimum requirements set by the Administration, and an amendment adopted which would remove all control of food prices from Stabilization Director Bowles and give it to Secretary of Agriculture Anderson, who makes no secret of his desire to raise ceilings or abolish them altogether. While a final opportunity will be provided on the Senate floor to seal off these inflationary loopholes in the OPA extension bill, the anti-OPA bloc is confidently predicting that the Senate will not only retain all the crippling amendments but will add others, leaving the final bill no better than the outrageous House version. This threatened scuttling of price control has been made possible by an understandable slackening in the volume of public protests after the initial shock of the House action began to wear off. Having had its say, the public apparently feels that the responsibility for saving the OPA has passed to the President and Congress. But the President's plea for OPA in his address to Congress on May 25 was but a note on a tin whistle, lost in the brassy crescendo of his diatribe against labor. And Congress itself seems to be affected only by the last incoming mail.

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REGARDLESS OF ONE'S VIEWS ON ARMY-NAVY unification, no defense can be made for Senator Walsh and Representative Vinson, who in brazen defiance of the President, have urged Secretary Forrestal not to compromise on the issue. A day before the heads of the Senate and House Naval Affairs Committees dispatched their letter to Forrestal, President Truman had ordered the War and Navy departments to work out a compromise merger plan that would be acceptable to both services. In issuing these instructions the President was merely discharging his responsibility as administrative head of the government and commander-in-chief of the armed forces. The chairmen of the two naval committees have no right, despite their lofty legislative positions, to interfere in the administrative sphere of the government. While their opinions may be valuable, the place to express them is on the floor of Congress or in public statements, not in a letter to a member of the Administration, particularly one who has shown a disposition to kick over the traces on this issue. Nor can Senator Walsh and Representative Vinson be regarded as disinterested witnesses on the merger issue. Their disposition to side with the navy may be influenced by the fact that unification would be automatically bring an end to their committees and the extensive powers they wield as chairmen.

*

THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY, WHICH HAS been making a strong drive for "unity" with the Labor Party, must now see its hopes of success fading. For a time its campaign appeared to be developing very favorably. Despite the emphatic opposition of the Labor Party executive, a great deal of influential support appeared to be behind the resolution on the agenda of the June

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conference of the party calling for Communist affiliation. Several powerful trade unions, including the National Union of Miners and the Amalgamated Engineering Union, were reported to be backing the proposal, and it was thought that the large number of votes they controlled might be cast en bloc for affiliation. Now, however, the rank and file have been heard from, and the picture has changed. In South Wales, Yorkshire, and Durham, three of the largest mining districts, union members have voted to support an amendment to the party constitution which declares that political organizations "having their own program, principles, and policy for distinctive and separate propaganda . . . or owing allegiance to any political organization situated abroad shall be ineligible for affiliation." If this amendment is carried, and it seems almost certain that it will be, it will serve to prevent the raising of the affiliation issue at future conferences. The fact that the South Wales miners turned against them must have been an unpleasant shock for the Communists. To other observers it affords an interesting example of the ability of British workers to discriminate between men and issues. For while repudiating the politics of their local president, the well-known Communist Arthur Horner, they supported his candidacy for the secretaryship of the National Union—a tribute to his vigor and ability as a union leader.

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SMALL BOYS ARE HEREBY WARNED NOT TO play marbles for keeps on the sidewalks of New York. If they are so lost to shame as to ignore this frieindly injunction, the day will surely come when Mayor O'Dwyer's fearless men in blue will swoop down on them, seize their immies, and haul the lot of them off to Gamblers' Court. It will not be the first time that New York's Finest will have faced a gambling machine of this sort and scattered it to the winds. During the LaGuardia regime many a cigar-store dealer in Brooklyn felt the weight of the law for furtively paying off pinball machine winners in bubble-gum. And the Bronx has yet to forget the police guard posted for weeks in the living room of the grandmother who had played hostess to the Ladies' Tuesday Afternoon Pinochle and Potcheese Club. Last week Police Commissioner Wallander served grim notice that the fight against the gambling curse would be intensified when his men broke up the annual fair of the City and Country School and packed a bevy of parents into waiting patrol wagons. For ten years the Parents' Association of this progressive school has been holding these fairs, which feature not only skits, bazaars, and square dances, but games of chance! At these nefarious gatherings, financed by local merchants and friends of the school, great sums changed hands—as much perhaps as 2 per cent of the amount bet on a single horse in a single race at Jamaica. Yet it seems to us unjust for the parents to pay the full penalty of the law while the real powers behind this sordid activity—the crafty little scholarship pupils who rake in the tainted money—go scot free.

Next Week in *The Nation*
What About Stassen? *by* MILBURN P. AKERS
Inside German Politics *by* SAUL K. PADOVER
Peron's New Order *by* VIRGINIA PREWETT

Post Mortem on Paris

MR. BYRNES'S radio report on the Paris conference has enjoyed an exceptionally good press. His announcement of an American "peace offensive" has been hailed as indicating the emergence of a new foreign policy, his "firmness" in refusing to compromise on matters of principle as a sign there is no more appeasement of Russia. For our part we cannot join wholeheartedly in these plaudits, though we are willing to admit the speech had its merits. While unmistakably pinning responsibility on Russia for the failure of the Paris talks, the Secretary of State was careful to employ moderate language. Again to a considerable extent the speech was factual. If it did not elucidate the course of the Paris talks completely, it did give a frank account of the differences, particularly in regard to an Italian settlement, which had impeded an agreement.

There can be no doubt that, as Mr. Byrnes insisted, the conclusion of peace treaties in Europe is an urgent necessity. The present state of suspense creates an impossible atmosphere in which to pursue reconstruction and recovery, and the presence of armies of occupation hinders communications and intensifies the food problem in large parts of the Continent. But we do not think that Mr. Byrnes's attempts to force the pace are likely to produce agreement among the Big Four or to speed the departure of the occupying armies. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, we can say "no" to Russian demands on Italy only because there we and the British are the men in possession. Similarly the Russians are in possession of the Balkans and are not likely to be budged from this bargaining position until their security is safeguarded.

Mr. Byrnes now seems to feel that the only hope of shaking Russia's determination to veto peacemaking as long as its minimum demands are unsatisfied is to mobilize world opinion. He has apparently dropped the idea, mooted in Washington prior to the Paris conference, of concluding a separate treaty with Italy. That is all to the good, for such a move would raise an impassable barrier between East and West—a barrier which would have to be garrisoned by American and British troops until a rearmed Italy took over. But we doubt whether Mr. Byrnes's new idea is very much better. If, he said, a peace conference is not called this summer, the United States will be obliged to ask the Assembly of the United Nations, which convenes in September, to make recom-

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mendations for a peace settlement under Article 14 of the Charter. This article permits the Assembly to review any situation not already before the Security Council which may "impair the general welfare or friendly relations between states." The current deadlock in regard to the drafting of peace undoubtedly comes within that definition, and the Assembly would have to debate the question if the matter were raised.

But what good would such a debate accomplish? It would indeed provide an opportunity for the United States to arraign Russia before the world and to lead a majority of states into its lobby. A fine demonstration, no doubt, but one that could only confirm the Russians' belief that the capitalist world was ganging up on them. Moreover, the one action that the Assembly could take would be to make recommendations to the Security Council, which would, of course, raise the veto problem again.

Perhaps, instead of taking the "peace offensive" in this manner, it would be better to try another tack. Dangerous as delay in peacemaking may be, any final split between West and East would be infinitely more deadly. We ought, therefore, to blend our firmness with patience while trying to convince the Russians that we are not really preparing a future was against them. (Their suspicions may seem ridiculous to us but Russia finds justification for them in our wilder newspapers and the irresponsible utterances, public and private, of influential Americans.) One remedy worth trying would be a further reconstruction of foreign policy so as to make it more positive. At present its guiding principle appears to be: Retard communism! We could usefully substitute the slogan: Advance democracy!

We are not doing that now, as the test case of Spain proves. Mr. del Vayo points out on another page that Britain, backed by the United States, would rather maintain Franco in power than risk the possibility that a restored republic might open the door to Russian influence. That is to say that while we are taking a firm stand on democratic principles when opposing Russian ambitions in the Balkans, we cheerfully keep democracy in chains where that policy appears to serve a strategic anti-Russian purpose. If we really hope to make a stand against Russian encroachments on liberty we must apply our principles on all fronts. Otherwise, though we may continue to fool ourselves about our devotion to democracy, we are not likely to fool anybody else.

Truman's Lost Week-End

BY TRIS COFFIN

Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System

Washington, May 25

THE night was hot and sticky. A dozen Senators, tired from day and night sessions on labor bills, sat drowsily around a radio listening to the easy twang of President Truman. Sentence after sentence struck hard at the railway trainmen and engineers. A look of concern moved over the faces of some of the listeners. Others sat with gleaming eyes. When the last strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" faded away, one Senator—a Southern Democrat—smacked his lips. "At last," he said, "we have punishment."

At the moment Truman is sitting on top of a mound of telegrams and letters smiling cheerfully and triumphantly. The greatest deluge of opinion in years has fallen on Washington in support of the get-tough-with-labor policy of the White House.

At least a fourth of the Senate, the liberal wing, is deeply worried. What will happen in the other big strikes on the horizon—shipping, communications? Where is the Truman policy leading? The Democrats among them say gloomily that the President's week-end has greatly lowered the chances of Northern Democrats for reelection.

The story of the emergence of the White House policy begins on May 14, when A. F. Whitney of the trainmen and Alvanley Johnston of the engineers were called to the President's office. These men, representing the aristocrats of labor, were personal friends of Harry Truman. The Brotherhoods had given him political support when he needed it; they had advised him when he sat in the Senate. On this afternoon the President was cool and formal. They should call off the strike and continue their negotiations.

Whitney said firmly that the strike was called for May 18, and unless additional rule changes were granted, the men would go out as scheduled.

Truman asked the labor men to accept his proposal for a 16-cents-an-hour increase and several rule changes. Whitney replied that that would be "tantamount to scuttling our program."

The President then said he was calling in all twenty of the railway unions to meet with the operators. Whitney protested that only the engineers and trainmen were involved. The other eighteen had run out on them.

Truman became stubborn: "You will meet them and settle these matters here. If not, the government will run the railroads."

Whitney replied angrily, "Do you mean to say, Mr.

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President, that the government will act as a strike-breaker on the engineers and trainmen?" He went on, "We have always supported you and your Administration, and we are in earnest about this strike. One hundred and twenty-five of my general chairmen have instructed me not to meet with the other unions, and I am not going to."

The President blew up. "If that is your position, I am telling you here that we are going to run these railroads, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Johnston interposed soothingly, "Mr. President, with the many questions that come before you every day, I am convinced that you do not understand this question."

Truman flung back, "Yes I do understand it. I know all about it."

Johnston explained. They had started negotiations more than a year ago. They deferred action until all the Brotherhoods stood together. Eighteen later signed up with the operators. He said, "The thing that should be done is for the railways and ourselves to continue negotiations and let Dr. Steelman or Secretary Schwellenbach sit in as a mediator and see if something can be worked out. We believe that if an honest effort is put forth, something can be worked out."

Dr. Steelman took the railway union men into the Cabinet room to continue the meeting. He apologized for the scene in the President's office, saying the President had not had time to get full information on the split among the railway unions, and hence the confusion.

Three days later the same men returned to President Truman. They told him in some detail of the fruitless labor-management conferences. He answered coldly, "All right, I will sign an order to take over the railroads." He took some papers piled up on a corner of his desk and began to sign them. The union leaders stood awkwardly before him. Was that all? The answer was short and sweet. Yes.

Last Thursday afternoon Truman called in Whitney and Johnston. Dr. Steelman had indicated to them that the strike might be settled on a compromise basis. The President and the union chiefs grew angry again. Truman was not willing to budge. He had had his say at the other meeting, and it stood. At four o'clock, the deadline for the trainmen and engineers to go on strike, the President strolled out on the broad lawn behind his office for a garden party. As he, the Cabinet members, and their wives lined up to form a reception line, Truman nudged Secretary of State Byrnes and said with a broad grin, "They are still in session."

The tired conferees finally broke up. Deadlock. More conferences the next day, with Dr. Steelman running back and forth between the operators and the unions, the Statler Hotel and the White House.

As the time drew near for President Truman to make his speech to the nation, he grew angrier and angrier. Transportation was stalled; travelers were piling up in stations. Paralysis was settling over the nation. White House attachés reported to friends that the President had set his chin forward and was ready to blast. He was not in the mood to pay attention to those who urged caution.

Congress was in session most of the time. The time-honored rules of courtesy were forgotten in the heat of the moment. In the Senate the words "skunk" and "jackass" were thrown about.

The Senate was split into three groups. The extreme anti-labor wing, led by a loose coalition of Southern Democrats and rural Republicans, followed the line of a speech by Senator Wiley, the Wisconsin Republican. He said, "A new power has arisen in the land. If it is not curtailed, it could make labor interests superior to the public. We must check the powers of labor."

The loosely knit pro-labor group of from twenty to twenty-four members pleaded for restraint. Most of the talking was by Pepper and Morse, but they were joined in the voting by a silent partner, Alben Barkley, the majority leader.

On Saturday morning, after Truman curtly announced that he had broken off any further talks with the two Brotherhoods and that troops would guard the trains, Whitney and Johnston went to Secretary of State Byrnes, whom they had known and trusted in the Senate. They offered to accept substantially what Truman had thrust at them on May 14, plus the assurance that they could negotiate further and that there would be no reprisals against their members.

There was silence at the White House. During the early afternoon Congress rushed through bills placing a variety of curbs on labor. In the House the opposition sank as low as fourteen.

At four o'clock Truman, unusually grim, marched down the center aisle of the House to make his speech. Cheers swept through the chamber. Many of the lawmakers, however, were quiet when they heard some of the tougher thrusts—injunctions against unions, drafting of strikers. As a dramatic gesture the President interrupted his speech to read a note announcing the strike was settled. Then he hammered on at labor.

The House, in the same gala mood as when it tore up price control, passed a bill embodying the Truman recommendations in little more than an hour. The Senate paused. A few moderates, even some conservatives, said Truman was going too far, men like Taft and Millikin. Morse shouted, "This is not law. This is confiscation." Pepper angrily denounced the President and said he had spent no more than eighteen minutes on the strike issues altogether.

It is still too early to see clearly what effect this angry week-end will have. But there are strong signs that the Senate will pass some legislation aimed at stopping strikes in industries directly affecting the public welfare —communications, transportation, fuel, and the like. It will not go as far as the Truman recommendations.

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France—a Year After Victory

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

En route, Paris to Cairo, May 12

BELOW, France moves northward—green and brown, smooth, minutely divided; a land cultivated from hedge to hedge, from horizon to horizon, orderly as a problem in plane geometry. The harvest, reports say, promises to be good; but whatever the seasons bring, this much is clear even from a mile above: the people are working their land.

As I left the Place Vendôme this morning for the airport, Paris was all ready to celebrate the day of victory: flags on every balcony—French, British, Russian, American; police in full regalia moving to their stations along the line of parade; soldiers in groups waiting to march. The first anniversary of the end of a five-year nightmare of defeat, treason, occupation, and tough costly resistance. What is France like exactly a year after the collapse of Hitler's European Fortress? Has the exuberance of victory flattened out into cynical apathy, as so many visiting Americans have reported? Is France nothing more now than one big black market, with its old virtues of hard work and frugality abandoned for sharp trading and complaints and a sour dislike of foreigners in and out of uniform?

The green-and-brown pattern below me is one answer, an answer I heard expounded with figures and unqualified enthusiasm by the energetic head of the new federation of French agriculture. But even in my stay of a few short weeks I had found others, enough to convince me that, if political conflicts allow it, France will build a much better republic than the one that went down under the weight of German tanks and internal corruption in 1940.

Nowhere do the people seem apathetic. I wish the critics and moralists could have watched the demonstration in Paris on the First of May. More than a million workers marched, in party or trade-union formations, with floats and banners and hundreds of placards ringing variations on the over-all slogan: "Work, Produce." The air was fresh; lilies-of-the-valley were in every buttonhole; people smiled and talked to strangers. Communists and Socialists, for all their differences, marched and spoke together on that day. It was a great popular celebration. As I walked along with the crowd I thought: what a contrast to the thin and somber ranks of middle-class needle-trades workers trudging down toward Union Square on May Days in New York. To feel that difference, to become for a few hours, physically at least, a part of proletarian Paris, is to believe beyond argument in the resilience and capacity of this people.

At the end of the parade in the Place de la Nation a platform had been built, and there Thorez and Jouhaux and Saillant and one or two others spoke, and for hours the crowd, marchers and onlookers, stood and listened. Seeing them pressed in solid ranks, hundreds of thousands together, I had to admit that they looked rather worn and pale as well as shabby. Faces showed the marks of years of poor and insufficient food, of cold, and of hard work without freedom. It is in such a crowd, rather than along the boulevards, that you get an idea of what these years have meant to the ordinary people of Paris.

I don't minimize the black market; it is everywhere—on street corners, in the shops, in every good restaurant. Undoubtedly it is a source of corruption; undoubtedly it robs the people of goods they badly need. A person who tried to live scrupulously on the ration would starve. Nobody tries. People get extra food from the country—black market, too, unless they raise it themselves. Or they save a little cash or sell some possessions to get black-market extras in the city. On this ugly trade a few men are getting rich and spending heavily in the shops and high-priced restaurants. It is a nasty situation.

But this doesn't mean that the French as a people have become demoralized. They use the black market, to the limited degree they can afford, in order to live a little more decently. When necessities are plentiful, they will thankfully revert to reasonable prices and legality. Meanwhile they get along as best they can, and work, and take a sharp, independent interest in the political issues crowding in on them.

A few nights before the referendum I went to a big Socialist meeting at which President Gouin and several ministers spoke in support of the draft constitution. In some ways the gathering impressed me more than the May Day celebration. It was a sober performance, and the speeches were long. The big hall was jammed, people standing four deep in the rear and lining all the aisles. No excitement broke the evening except when Del Vayo was called to the front of the platform. At his appearance the whole crowd stood up, applauding and cheering, and then sang the "Internationale." In France today Spain is still a people's cause, not a matter for cagy trading among diplomats. But what interested me most was the profound, silent attention with which the audience listened to the speakers. Not a person left the meeting, although the speeches, closely argued and analytical, went on for hours. People who take their

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politics as seriously as this are not to be dismissed as decadent. I wish Americans showed half as much concern with their political fate.

Two or three days later I had a long talk with Jules Moch, Minister of Public Works and Transport, whose articles in *The Nation* during the liberation fight were among our most valuable reports from Europe. He has one of the biggest and most intricate jobs in France; indeed, his department is the largest employer of labor in the country. Under his jurisdiction are the railways, the bus and truck lines, commercial aviation, shipping—both inland and ocean. It is he who must carry and distribute food. It is he who must wrestle with the desperate problem of coal for transport. It is he who must get hold of rolling stock and trucks and machinery and facilities for making repairs to take the place of those looted by the Germans or worn out or destroyed in the fighting.

M. Moch told me that the only thing holding up the recovery of the country was the lack of such equipment. He insisted that the people were producing at a rate surprisingly high in view of their insufficient diet. He cited instance after instance in which the impossibility of providing certain key parts or materials was delaying a whole series of operations. I asked about food. He said that the legal ration was insufficient to maintain the working strength of the population and agreed that people were driven into the black market. I said that, no matter how difficult it might be, it seemed to me the waste of food, especially in the luxury restaurants, ought to be stopped; wasn't it inexcusable, I asked, to allow black-market profiteers and visiting Americans to eat food as plentiful and twice as good as could be found in New York, while French workers went short? He agreed in principle and said that many protests had come from working-class organizations. But he excused the situation itself: "We simply have to explain to the people that for the time being we must tolerate this injustice to get foreign exchange. We need dollars to buy the basic necessities on which our economy depends. One of the ways we must get them is by reviving the tourist trade. Without good food, without nice things in the shops, however high the prices, France won't attract even the limited number of tourists our transportation facilities permit. This is an inescapable fact: we must make the French people understand and swallow it—though certainly it is not palatable."

I cannot say I ever refused the delicious food in the few good restaurants I had the luck to visit: that would have done no good anyhow, according to Moch; France needed my dollars. But I never walked out into the street afterward without hating the whole set-up that made such a meal possible and left the French people hungry. And I know from many talks with Americans that the result of feeding the visitor so well is to smother his perception of the true state of things in France. After an ample, well-cooked dinner, washed down with good wine, it is all too easy to believe that France a year beyond victory is really pretty well off and that talk about hunger and malnutrition is a lot of propaganda.

Guide to the Primaries

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IN November millions of *Nation* readers (poetic license) will go to the polls grumbling, as liberals have grumbled for generations, because they are being asked to "choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee," both "handpicked by party bosses" and probably "in smoke-filled hotel rooms." Indulging in this triple cliché, they will make no mention of the primaries, in which they too might have had a hand in the picking, because they will have wilfully neglected that procedure and probably had only the haziest knowledge of when it was being held. Yet in fourteen states a victor in the primary can lose the subsequent election only if he is caught redhanded in some such act as poisoning the public water supply, and in at least twelve others his chances are so overwhelming that even Lloyd's would hesitate to underwrite his opponent.

This year, with party lines crossed and criss-crossed beyond recognition, the primaries take on an even greater degree of importance than is normally the case. It is hardly worth talking about the advantages of retaining Democratic control of Congress when on any given issue large numbers of Democrats who exercise that control are as likely to vote with the Republicans as with their own party. A survey recently issued by Press Research, Inc., shows that at least three Democratic Senators—O'Daniel of Texas, Byrd of Virginia, and Gerry of Rhode Island—have actually voted with the opposition on well over 50 per cent of the roll calls during the present session. Returning the compliment for the G. O. P., Senators Aiken of Vermont, Morse of Oregon, and Tobey of New Hampshire have voted with the Democratic majority more often than with their party colleagues. The same situation exists in the House, where the Southerners as a rule go along with the Administration on foreign relations but flock to the enemy lines in droves when social legislation is the issue.

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To such an extent have party lines been fouled that in scores of instances liberals will either have to make a fight in the primary or resign themselves to mere shadow-boxing in November.

So far seven primaries have been held, with results that call for a minimum of dancing in the streets. Illinois led off in April with a vote light enough to indicate a record-making apathy. Organization candidates in each party won nominations for the twenty-five Congressional seats, in all but a handful of instances without a contest. The most dramatic fight in November will be for Representative-at-large, with incumbent Emily Taft Douglas defending an excellent record against William Straton, an associate of the obnoxious Stephen Day and a favorite of Colonel McCormick.

Primaries in Ohio, Indiana, and Florida likewise aroused meager interest and an extremely light vote. The excitement, if any, in Indiana will come in June, when party conventions make their choices for the Senate. Then Charles M. La Follette, one of the small group of maverick progressive Republicans now in the House, will make a stand against a machine ridden by a combination of the Klan and the liquor industry. Against him will be incumbent Senator Raymond E. Willis, a reactionary of ancient vintage, and William E. Jenner, a rising young wheelhorse currently favored by the machine. The Willis-Jenner split should help La Follette some, but not enough, in all probability, to put him across. La Follette believes that the gamble is worth the price of his seat in the House inasmuch as it would take him ten years to acquire the seniority necessary to carry weight in Congressional committees, but unless a miracle occurs his strategy will result only in the loss of a good man where good men are too few.

In Ohio the C. I. O.'s Political Action Committee tasted its first defeat of the season. Its candidate for the Senate in that state was Marvin C. Harrison, a member of the Union for Democratic Action and a colorful figure. Insufficient organization cost him the Democratic nomination, which went to Senator Huffman, the well-meaning but relatively unimpressive incumbent. Unlikely to prove much of a vote-getter, Huffman will have the doubtful pleasure of battling it out in November with former Governor Bricker, already flushed with the glow of Presidential hopes.

The Florida and Alabama primaries, taken with other portents that will be discussed later, indicate that the South, having touched political bottom, is beginning the slow climb upward. Upsetting all local predictions, James E. Folsom, favored by labor and openly scornful of the poll tax, white supremacy, and the rest of the traditional baggage of Claghorn-country politics, ran first in a field of four in the race for Governor. Failing to attain an outright majority, he will have to face a run-off in June with the runner-up, Lieutenant Governor Ellis, as his opponent. The bulk of votes accruing to the two eliminated candidates will almost certainly go to Ellis, the machine man, but Folsom is conceded a chance. Luther Patrick, with a good record in Congress, ran second in the primary to an unknown veteran, but here again the run-off will tell the tale. Elsewhere in Alabama, Joe Starnes, once right-hand man to Martin Dies, took his second straight beating at the hands of Albert Rains, thereby eliminating himself as one of the Capitol's minor menaces.

Thanks to the political weight of Senator Pepper, Florida will replace the undistinguished and conservative Senator Andrews, who is retiring, with former Governor Spessard L. Holland, a Pepper man who may be expected to go along with the Administration. Another Pepper-backed candidate, George Smathers, succeeded in ousting Pat Cannon, who foolishly based his campaign on Pepper's opposition.

With no election pending for either the governorship or the Senate, Oregon's primary was without significance, and Pennsylvania's, the only remaining preliminary up to this writing, was noteworthy only for the appallingly low vote recorded. Organization-picked men won in both parties in the Pennsylvania affair, which means that Senator Joseph F. Guffey will have to struggle for his seat against the claims of Republican Governor Edward Martin. In contrast with the apathetic primary, a fierce election campaign is expected, with Guffey needing every last vote from his labor and liberal supporters to squeeze in.

So much for water already over the dam. The full flood is yet to come, with primaries and conventions throughout the country scattered from early June to Louisiana's last-minute run-off on October 15. By geographical sections prospects shape themselves somewhat as follows:

THE NORTHEAST AND MIDDLE ATLANTIC

Six states in this area will supply such fireworks as the nominating process affords. Massachusetts Democrats, to work down from the north, are already committed to returning to the Senate David I. Walsh, who first took a seat in that chamber in 1923 and did not noticeably advance in his political thinking in the ensuing quarter of a century. Walsh is a proved vote-getter, however, and the Republicans, hard-pressed, are turning to former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a man with youth, a name that carries awe in Massachusetts, and a distinguished war record. Lodge has modified the isolationist views inherited from a father who almost single-handed wrecked the League of Nations. Should he be nominated and win the election, this Stassenite Republican is certain to be considered Presidential timber in 1952 if not sooner.

Both parties should furnish excitement in Connecti-

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cut's senatorial race. Cool at first, if not downright grudging, Brien McMahon, boss of the state's Democratic machine, appears at last to have reached an understanding with Chester Bowles. Connecticut manufacturers within the party may have trouble swallowing their animus against the champion of the OPA, but the volume of Congressional mail in favor of that agency indicates that Bowles would be a tremendous vote-getter. Connecticut nominates by convention, in any case, and the machine should see him through. Then, apparently, the fun will begin, because on the Republican side a "draft Clare" movement has been under way for some time. Governor Raymond E. Baldwin still has the inside track for the nomination, but Mrs. Luce, who is fond of remarking that President Roosevelt "lied us into war," has been talking privately of "the pressure" on her to run for the Senate. Her recent conversion to Catholicism is expected to be a factor in view of the state's large Polish and Italian population, and the threat of her running may well have won McMahon to the Bowles candidacy.

As always, the notorious Frank Hague embarrasses the efforts of New Jersey's better citizens to stage an election on issues. Power that he is, Hague has to be wooed for support of George Brunner, mayor of Camden and the labor and liberal choice to contest the Senate seat of H. Alexander Smith. Brunner is conceded an outside chance if Hague indorses him and the P. A. C. does an effective job of getting out the vote in South Jersey. The state's outstanding Congressional primary will be a trial—at least within the Republican Party—of the OPA. The contest is between incumbent Fred A. Hartley, bitter opponent of price control and one of the organizers of the House coalition of Southern bourbons and Republican diehards, and Walter A. Schaefer, an unknown insurance man who emerged from his office to champion the housewives' lobby. Schaefer has the support of the P. A. C. and something like thirty nationally organized women's groups.

After months of behind-the-counter bargaining, New York Democratic leaders are virtually united on inviting Senator James M. Mead to oppose Dewey for the governorship, with the odds on Dewey. Mead is not the most colorful candidate that could have been picked, and he is not generally thought to measure up to the Smith-Roosevelt-Lehman succession at Albany, but his record in the Senate has been good and his choice is almost inevitable. To stand any chance of winning, the Democrats need the support of both the American Labor Party and the Liberal Party. The left wing of the A. L. P., dominated by Communists and near-Communists, is distinctly cool to Mead, who is too close to Truman for their conduct. They prefer LaGuardia or Morgenthau. But Sidney Hillman, state chairman of the party and national chairman of the C. I. O.-P. A. C., has already assured Democratic National Chairman Hannegan that the party will go along on Mead. The Liberals and the American Federation of Labor, for different reasons, were similarly cool at first, but they too have come around to accepting the Buffalo Senator as a sort of least common denominator. Rumors that the A. F. of L. might go over to Dewey are privately denied and are not taken seriously in responsible quarters.

In a sense the Democratic senatorial nomination will represent a payoff for the compromise on Mead. To satisfy the Liberals and the A. F. of L., and because of his unquestioned vote-getting ability as well, former Governor Lehman is considered the best bet at the moment, with LaGuardia still a possibility. The Republican choice is still unpredictable, but an early favorite is Irving M. Ives, majority leader of the Assembly. As one of the authors of the state Fair Employment Practices Act and dean of the state School of Industrial and Labor Relations at Cornell, Ives would make a bid for liberal votes.

Elsewhere in this Eastern sector two New Dealers of ability and intelligence face extremely hard fights. Senators Kilgore of West Virginia and Tunnell of Delaware are reasonably certain to be renominated by the Democrats, but only a big vote—always favorable to the Democrats—will carry them back to Washington.

THE MIDDLE WEST

With Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois already accounted for, chief pre-election interest in the Middle West centers in states for the most part so solidly Republican that their balloting in November will make little difference in the political complexion of Congress. In at least two of these states—Minnesota and Nebraska—isolationism is still a lively issue, perhaps the major issue in the primary campaign. Some political observers in this part of the country believe that Harold E. Stassen eliminated himself from the 1948 Presidential race the day he decided against personally contesting the Republican senatorial nomination. Rather than risk defeat at the hands of Henrik Shipstead, the veteran isolationist who voted against the United Nations Charter, Stassen assigned that task to Governor Edward J. Thye. With an eye on Thye's smashing plurality in 1944, Stassen appears to be confident of the outcome, but local observers expect the race to be one of the hottest in party history, and the

Drawing by Seligson

Senator La Follette

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EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

result will be of extreme importance in dictating both the candidate and the platform of the G. O. P. in 1948. The odds, substantially in Thye's favor at the start of the campaign, have been shrinking.

In Nebraskan Republican circles the Senate contest appears almost to revolve about the British loan. On one side is incumbent Senator Hugh A. Butler, thoroughly isolationist, thoroughly reactionary, and an ardent supporter of Governor John W. Bricker for President in 1948. Against him is Nebraska's present Governor, Dwight Griswold, advocate of the Roosevelt foreign policies and hopeful of seeing Stassen chosen as the G. O. P. standard-bearer two years from now. In the pre-primary convention, in which Nebraska Republican leaders present the rank and file with two candidates for their choice in the primary, Butler's Senate colleague, Kenneth S. Wherry, spoke ominously of "Republican New Dealers." The term, he explained, applies to those who use the slogan "We will enforce the peace," behind which "leers the cruel countenance of the god of war." The convention roundly condemned the loan to Britain and recommended Butler as its first choice by a vote of 228 to 163, which probably represents the odds-faced by Griswold.

Wisconsin's Republicans present the odd spectacle of a party that has unwillingly absorbed a candidate whom it doesn't really want, whom it will nevertheless nominate for the Senate, and who will in all probability win the election. Just how jubilant the state machine is over the decision of Senator La Follette to merge his Progressives with the G. O. P. may be gauged from the vote of the party convention which met early in May to indorse candidates for the primary. Circuit Court Judge Joseph R. Mc Carthy, a converted Democrat, polled 2,328 convention votes, two other aspirants received less than 300 between them, and Bob La Follette netted a total of one lone vote. In the primaries themselves, however, the erstwhile Progressives are expected to swamp the organization, with the mass of Republicans flocking to the man whose name is still magic in Wisconsin.

President Truman's political prestige in his own state faces something of a test in the reelection campaign of Representative Roger C. Slaughter, who in a sense is to the present occupant of the White House what Hamilton Fish was to Roosevelt—a minor political plague in the boss's home territory. There are differences, however. Slaughter, who represents a district closely neighboring Truman's, happens to belong to the President's own party, which was not true in the case of Mr. Fish. Truman has let it be known that he would relish Mr. Slaughter's elimination in the primary, but the Missouri machine, to which the President has been uncommonly loyal, shows no willingness to reciprocate. A victory for Slaughter will be not only an annoyance to the President but a singular indication of his weakness within the party. The same would be true of a defeat for Senator Briggs in November. Truman favors Briggs, whose voting record is good but who is no ball of fire, in the Senate or out. A stronger candidate would be insurance against an embarrassing Republican victory in the President's home state.

Drawing by Seligson

Robert W. Kenny

Senator Vandenberg will be renominated by Michigan Republicans without a contest. The Democratic choice, to be realistic, is academic. Chief interest in the election will be the determined campaign of the Republicans to wrest at least three of the Congressional seats now held by Democrats, and Wayne County is already being flooded with letters setting forth this goal. Frank Hook, one of the best liberals in Congress, will confront Emil Hurja, editor of the *Pathfinder* and a major political prophet until he guessed wrong on Roosevelt. Mayor Edward J. Jeffries of Detroit has filed for Governor on the Republican ticket. Should he be nominated, Detroit's own mayor will automatically be George Edwards, youthful president of the City Council and former official of the United Automobile Workers.

THE FAR WEST

As in the Middle West, echoes of the isolationist battle still reverberate through the Nye-Wheeler-Langer country. All three names are once more before the voters of Montana and North Dakota, and two of them have all too good a chance to remain for another six years in the pages of the *Congressional Record*. North Dakota has scheduled the election of a Senator to fill out the term of the late John Moses for June 25, the same day that the parties nominate candidates for the full senatorial term, to be voted on in November. The short-term race is a three-cornered affair involving Nye, running independently; Milton R. Young, the incumbent Republican; and P. W. Lanier, Jr., a Fargo Democrat running with local P. A. C. support. Young and Nye are expected to cut into each other's vote, to the advantage of Lanier. For the long term there is not much doubt that North Dakota Republicans, for reasons which only they can fathom, will renominate the ineffable William Langer, while the Democrats plan to put up a fight behind Abner Larson, also favored by the P. A. C.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, fortunate in not having had to face a war-time electorate two years ago, goes into

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the primary campaign with certain undeserved advantages. His opponent, former Representative Leif Erickson, a man with an excellent political record, carries the party handicap of a severe drubbing at the polls in the 1944 campaign for the governorship. On top of this he had the thankless task recently of chairing the mediation board that tried vainly to ward off the nation-wide railroad strike. The failure did not endear him to the Brotherhoods, with whom Wheeler is popular in any event as a result of years of good work in the field of railway legislation. On the other side of the economic fence Montana newspapers, most of them owned body and soul by Anaconda Copper, are anti-Erickson without being openly pro-Wheeler. If Roosevelt were in the White House, he might conceivably put in a helpful word for Erickson, but Harry Truman owed his first Senate recognition to Wheeler, and he is not a man to forget favors, even when they come from a non-Missourian. Erickson deserves unstinted liberal support, but he admittedly has a hard row to hoe.

Drawing by Seligson
Senator Bilbo

On the coast, Washington Democrats are expected to renominate the youthful and extremely able Hugh Mitchell for the Senate. They are also expected to put on a primary marked by heavy feuding between the extreme left-wingers, gathered around state committee executive Jerry O'Connell, and moderates such as Howard Costigan. It was out of just such a scramble that Hugh De Lacy, far to the left, emerged victorious in 1944.

California, as always, offers a grand performance which only the natives can fully appreciate. The practice of cross-filing permits California candidates to enter their names simultaneously in the primaries of any and all parties, and this peculiarity, coupled with the absence of anything like an organized political machine, produces effects sometimes admirable, frequently odd, and almost always unpredictable. Registration figures indicate a livelier interest in the primaries this year than exists in most states, with attention centered chiefly on the Democratic contest for the Senate. In this scrap Representative Ellis E. Patterson is matched with Will Rogers, Jr., who left the House early in the war to serve in the army. The liberal-left forces are divided in the race, with the understanding that they will unite to support the victor against the Republican incumbent, Senator Knowland.

Unfortunately so much emphasis has been placed on the Rogers-Patterson campaign by such agencies as the National Citizens' P. A. C., which has indorsed Patterson, that insufficient attention is being paid to Robert W. Kenny's fight for the governorship. Kenny is a remarkable figure on the coast, with an extremely liberal record —despite his tie-up with Ed Pauley in the struggle for tideland oil. As Attorney General, he has established a school for sheriffs that features such novel courses as "How to Behave During a Strike," "Civil Rights," and "Education of the Public on Race Equality." Kenny is popular, but such are the complexities of California politics that his Republican opponent, Governor Warren, threatens to give him a thumping race in Kenny's own Democratic primary.

With something like 40 per cent of New Mexico's population of Spanish or Latin American extraction, that state's Democrats are expected to renominate Senator Dennis Chavez, who is of Spanish descent, speaks the language, and, most important, championed the FEPC bill in the Senate. Against him in the primary will be Governor John J. Dempsey, who controls the state machine but can only claim naturalized citizenship, having come to the state from New York by way of Oklahoma. The Republicans, for reasons best known to themselves, have hit on the Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, who likewise appears to have abandoned Oklahoma—and China—for a more virginal political stamping ground.

THE SOUTH

A month or so ago Senator Bilbo of Mississippi was forced to abandon what threatened to be a filibuster on the loan to Britain. He had to hurry home, as he described the situation, to contend with "four peckerwoods trying to get my job." The quartet he referred to is composed of Commander Nelson T. Levings, whose political experience is limited to a race for lieutenant governor in which he came in third; former Representative Ross Collins, decent and reasonably able but with a record of three failures in previous senatorial attempts; Cecil Travis, a business man and lawyer with no political record; and Tom Q. Ellis, clerk of the state Supreme Court and a good vote-getter. The four of them may conceivably poll a large enough total to force Bilbo into a run-off, in which case a vigorous campaign might bring him down. But the chances are slight. One "peckerwood," with united support from all Bilbo's enemies—and they are numerous—would have had more of a chance.

Fortunately for the South, and for the country, Bilboism appears to have reached the extremes of its own peculiar fragrance. Apart from the Alabama campaign, already touched on, and routine primaries in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, two states promise fireworks that may blow up the whole traditional pattern of Southern politics. Watch Texas and Georgia. Free at last of

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the white primary, voters have registered in record-breaking numbers for a midterm election, and in both states campaigns for the governorship present a challenge to the old order.

In Texas the challenger is Dr. Homer P. Rainey, who conducted the affairs of the University of Texas in so forthright and intelligent a manner that he was inevitably fired by the political hacks on the Board of Regents. The case immediately became a major issue in Texas politics, and the lines are now fairly drawn between the liberal forces backing Rainey and the anti-Roosevelt Democratic machine headed by Governor Coke Stevenson, whose slogan for the campaign is "Texas, God, and the Constitution." Three Texan stalwarts in Congress, incidentally, have seen the handwriting on the wall and are about to retire. Among the contenders for their seats are at least two highly reputable liberals—Judge Sara Hughes and Dr. William E. Elliott, regional head of the National Labor Relations Board.

Prospects in Georgia are equally stimulating. Until a few months ago it seemed certain that the brilliant administration of Ellis Arnall was to be followed by the return of Gene Talmadge, a hard blow for any state. The turn of the tide came when the small city of Augusta, subservient for years to the local Democratic machine known as the "Cracker Party," went to the polls in an election of state representatives. Roy V. Harris, speaker of the Georgia House, staged the customary campaign based on white supremacy and the inviolability of Southern white womanhood. He was emphatically rejected in favor of the young publisher of the Augusta *Chronicle* running on a "good-government ticket." The defeat of Harris rocked Georgia, and inspired the candidacy of James V. Carmichael, thirty-six-year-old protégé of Governor Arnall, in opposition to Talmadge. Victories for Carmichael and Rainey, coupled with the recent overthrow of the Maestri machine in New Orleans, will logically be regarded as the herald of a new day for the South. With apathy the prevailing mood from Massachusetts to California, the South, lustily emerging from a poll-tax bondage of its own making, may yet be the political hope of the nation.

Italy Against the Monarchy

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

Lauro de Bosis lecturer on the history of Italian civilization at Harvard; author of "Under the Ax of Fascism" and other books

THE results of the municipal elections which took place in Italy on the five Sundays between March 10 and April 7 were reported in such an incoherent and garbled way by American correspondents that it was impossible to evaluate their significance. Information supplied in the *Allied Commission Weekly Bulletin* of April 27, 1946, enables us, however, to draw accurate and telling conclusions.

During those five weeks 5,658 municipalities elected their administrators. Of Italy's 19,500,000 registered voters, 15,000,000 or 79.37 per cent went to the polls. In the United States, as a rule, no more than 60 per cent of the citizens bother to vote. Italian educators should perhaps be imported to the United States to educate those educators who go to Europe to reeducate Italy to democracy.

If the parties which tested their strength in these elections are classified under three headings, we find the following data: (a) Parties that took a definite stand against the monarchy and for a republic—that is, Communists, Socialists, Republicans, and Actionists—obtained pluralities in 2,356 municipalities and elected 44,511 councilors. The bulk of this group was made up of Communists and Socialists. (b) Parties that took a more or less explicit stand for the monarchy against the republic—that is, Right Concentration, Center Concentration, Liberals ("Liberal" in the Italian language means "conservative"), Uomo Qualunque, and Italian Democrats—received pluralities in 459 municipalities and elected 11,142 city councilors. (c) Parties that abstained from any official declaration on the above-mentioned issue—that is, Christian Democrats, Labor Democrats, independents, local groups, and veterans—obtained pluralities in 2,270 municipalities and elected 50,720 city councilors. The bulk of this group was made up of the Christian Democrats.

These figures do not tell the whole story. A big city like Milan, where 625,000 men and women went to the polls, counts statistically as one unit, on a par with the small town, for instance, of Fossato Ferralta in Calabria, where 458 citizens returned 416 votes for the Liberals (conservatives) and Labor Democrats, and 42 for the Christian Democrats. A Liberal-monarchist city councilor elected in Fossato Ferralta by 42 citizens counts in the statistics as much as a Socialist-republican elected in Milan by 225,000 votes.

We must also reckon with the fact that in municipalities of more than 30,000 inhabitants elections were held

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through proportional representation; so that statistics give the number of councilors elected by all parties. But in municipalities of less than 30,000 inhabitants candidates were elected by a majority, and statistics therefore give only those elected by the majority and by that minority group receiving the next highest number of votes.

Finally, we must not forget that anti-monarchical currents in Italy are much stronger in large cities with their large number of working-class voters than in small towns. In towns having less than 10,000 inhabitants the forces gathered around the Christian Democratic Party and those gathered around the Socialist and Communist parties balanced each other. But the larger the city the more ground the Christian Democrats lost, and the more the Socialists and Communists gained. In the eighteen cities where elections were held by proportional representation on the last Sunday of March the Socialists and Communists won 368,623 votes and the Catholics 202,129 votes. Milan did not vote until the following Sunday, and in Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Bari, and Palermo municipal elections have been delayed until after the national elections. "This was done by design," Premier Alcide de Gasperi said, "so that the general elections would not be influenced by the political trend of big-city elections." It was advisable to have the wiser small towns influence the elections rather than the senseless big cities.

The statistics would have been much more meaningful and conclusive if they had given the number of votes polled by each party rather than the number of municipalities and councilors. Those figures would have shown that the forces hostile to the monarchy and in favor of the republic are much greater than the figures now available would have us believe.

At any rate, on April 25 the Christian Democratic Party, whose National Executive had tried to postpone a definite stand on this issue as long as possible, finally came to a decision during its first national convention: 739,000 voted for the republic, 254,000 for the monarchy, and 63,000 took a noncommittal stand by abstaining. From these data it is clear that in the referendum of June 2 the votes of the Christian Democrats favoring a republic will be combined with those of the leftist parties, and the Savoy monarchy will be buried under a landslide.

This outcome could not be avoided even if all the Christian Democrats who are monarchical or undecided and all the other undecided groups joined forces with the parties which are more or less explicitly monarchical. But there is no doubt that many votes in favor of the republic will be cast by these elements. Most likely, the majority of the Labor Democrats will vote for the republic. In the national convention of the Liberal (conservative) Party on May 3, 261 delegates voted for the republic, 412 for the monarchy, and 121 declared themselves "agnostic." Yet the Liberal Party was considered one of the strongholds of the monarchist movement.

The certainty of this result explains why Victor Emmanuel III abdicated two weeks after the Christian Democratic convention.

The King could have given the Savoy monarchy a new lease of life if he had dismissed Mussolini in June, 1924, after the Matteotti murder, when a formidable wave of protest swept over Italy, most Fascists were bewildered and disheartened, and the army and the police were still at the King's beck and call. For the next nineteen years he slid from capitulation to capitulation, from complicity to complicity, from shame to shame. There have been kings who broke their oath to the constitution and accepted responsibility for their perjury. And there have been kings who became faithless to their oath by passively allowing their ministers to violate the constitution, comforting themselves with the illusion that they had incurred no personal guilt. Victor Emmanuel III belongs to the latter category. After the Matteotti murder he became a decree-signing machine, the typical *roi fainéant*, the last of the Merovingians.

Victor Emmanuel III again missed the boat in June, 1940, when he might have put his veto on Mussolini's declaration of war on France and Britain. The Italian people were, in their vast majority, hostile to that obviously criminal adventure. A good many military chiefs knew that Italy was not ready for war. They would have stood behind the King had he opposed Mussolini. If the military chiefs had failed to back him, the King should have abdicated, saving his honor and disclaiming for himself and his family any responsibility for what might happen. As a matter of fact, he, no less than Mussolini, thought that an easy and quick victory lay within his grasp, now that France had collapsed and England seemed to be tottering.

In December, 1941, he let Mussolini declare war on the United States. He still believed in the Duce's star.

At the end of 1942, after the Anglo-American landings in North Africa, all sensible men in Italy realized that the game was up and that it was imperative to break with Hitler and come to terms with the United Nations if Italy was to be saved from utter disaster. The King was in a position to dismiss the dictator without too much trouble since the latter was as discredited as he had been after the Matteotti murder. However, he could not in decency abrogate the treaty of alliance with Nazi Germany. Had he been a man of honor, he would first have ousted Mussolini, and then he would have formed a new Cabinet with men who had never had anything to do with either Mussolini or Hitler. After that he should have abdicated together with his son in favor of his grandson, in order to leave a free hand to the new Cabinet; and then the new Cabinet should have initiated

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a new course in foreign policy by denouncing, cost what it might, the German alliance and declaring war on Germany. At the end of 1942 Churchill and Roosevelt were still very far from having attained the military predominance they were to have after the whole of North Africa and the island of Sicily had been conquered. Confronted in Italy with new men of unimpeachable anti-Fascist past, they could not have treated them as the enemies of yesterday or as disreputable and untrustworthy characters.

To be sure, substantial German forces were stationed in Italy at the end of 1942. German agents were in control of many key positions in Italian administration and production. Many Italian military chiefs had sold out to the Germans. A terrible and dangerous crisis had to be faced. But that crisis would have been far less catastrophic at the end of 1942 than it was to be seven months later.

Victor Emmanuel III was never concerned with helping his people out of the abyss into which he and Mussolini had plunged them. He never cared one iota about honor. He was interested in one thing—to keep himself and his family afloat. He was sure that Churchill, Roosevelt, and Pius XII would protect him in any case as the guarantor of "law and order" in Italy against "communism"—and everything that was not "fascism without Mussolini" was labeled "communism."

Thus he wasted months and months. It was only when the Allies had occupied Palermo that he ousted Mussolini on July 25, 1943, without encountering the slightest opposition anywhere—ample proof that he might have got rid of him earlier if he had cared to. Even then, he thought that he could go on playing a double game with Hitler and his enemies. By the time he discovered that this double-cross was not practicable, larger and larger German reinforcements had been pouring into Italy, and the Italian army, not knowing what to do, had become bewildered and demoralized from top to bottom. When he finally agreed to an armistice, he was seized by blind panic and fled from Rome without leaving clear orders, thus completing the break-down of the Italian military machine—an act of desertion before the enemy which in the military codes of all countries is punishable with death.

As if this act of brainlessness and cowardice did not suffice, he failed to realize when he was in southern Italy that he was not entitled, as a fugitive and prisoner of war, to sign any further pledge on behalf of a people he had deserted. Rather than sign the terrible armistice of September 29, he should have abdicated—at least, then!

The empire of Napoleon I collapsed in 1814 as a result of military defeat. The empire of Napoleon III collapsed in 1870 as a result of military defeat. The czarist regime collapsed in 1917 as a result of military defeat. The empires of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs collapsed in 1918 as a result of military defeat. The French Third Republic collapsed in June, 1940, as a result of military defeat. Could the House of Savoy survive what in September, 1943, had been not only military defeat but also dishonor and treachery?

Unless the British Intelligence Service, hand in hand with the secret services of the Italian army and navy, engineers a monarchist coup d'état, one can safely forecast that at least 70 per cent of the men and women of Italy will vote against the Savoy monarchy in the referendum of June 2.

In the Wind

A GENTLEMAN IN ENGLAND who is totally deaf has invented an alarm clock which, it seems to us, is exactly what this gummy-eyed world needs—much more suited to our perilous times than a new American product which gently coaxes the sleeper into his new day with a soft chiming note. This Englishman's clock is connected to a motor in the bedsprings, and when it's time to wake up, the mechanism turns on the light and shakes the hell out of you.

THE CAMPAIGN LITERATURE of one Walter A. Kelley, Congressional candidate in Ohio's Democratic primaries, pledges him to an unequivocal domestic and international platform: "To Keep Beer Flowing—Stop Appeasing Russia."

A FOOD-COLLECTION PROGRAM in Orlando, Florida, to aid an "adopted city" in Greece received its biggest boost when, without any advance publicity, the 800 Negro students of Jones High School last month turned in more than 5,000 cans of food—an average of almost 7 cans apiece and all collected in less than a week. A member of the city-wide campaign committee, interviewed by the Orlando *Sentinel*, called it "the finest civic gesture I have ever seen, and that takes in gestures and projects by any and all groups," adding that if everyone in the city contributed on the same scale, the drive would be far over the top.

WHICH PROVIDES a nice backdrop for the recent action of the Miami, Florida, City Commission in rejecting a planning-board recommendation for a Negro housing project in the city's St. Albans section—this despite the fact that the recommendation generously offered "suitable protection" for adjacent white residential areas. The refusal was quite consistent because an identical recommendation was turned down two years ago, and that one even included a wall and "seventy-five-foot buffer strip" between white and Negro areas.

WELL FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DEPT.: "In yesterday's *Daily Express* Mr. Gallacher, Communist M.P. for West Fife, was wrongly reported as saying that the British Empire got nearer to our dream of a perfect world than anything else which existed."—Correction note in the London *Daily Express*.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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Why Britain Wants Franco

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

London, May 23

CONTRARY to all logic and to the expectations of everyone, including Franco himself, the Spanish fascist regime is stronger today than it was on V-E Day. Since my arrival in Europe three months ago I have spoken with many people who have recently come out of Spain. All of them confirm that fact. Certainly it is not pleasant for Spanish Republicans to have to acknowledge it publicly, but the admission causes no dismay among us, nor does it weaken in the slightest our determination to overthrow Franco. Much blood will probably flow, and the main responsibility for it will fall on those who are supporting Franco from abroad. The Spanish dictator could have been overthrown a year ago and the republic reestablished with a minimum of violence and bloodshed. He will still be overthrown, but the cost will be infinitely greater, and Spain's future relations with Great Britain and the United States will be seriously impaired. Recently a London *Times* correspondent reported that never has Anglo-Saxon prestige in Spain been at lower ebb. The Spanish people know that without British and American support of Franco they would already be free.

In the time I spent in the United States I learned that American policy toward Spain, today as during the Spanish war, simply followed the British lead. In London I wanted to discover the reasons for a position which is so difficult to understand, especially with a Labor government in power; as I anticipated, the real story on Spain is to be found here. Let me say bluntly that present British policy regarding Spain is oriented toward a single goal—the maintenance of Franco in power. I came here determined to study this problem as objectively as possible. It is all very well for those who oppose British policy, especially in foreign affairs, to reduce the question to one of damning the British and the Labor Party and counting the hours until the historical process sends the whole British Empire to the devil. But calling Bevin names will not free the Spanish people. Nor can Spaniards wait for the day when the opposition within the Labor Party is strong enough to inaugurate a new foreign policy. Spanish Republicans are profoundly grateful to those Labor M.P.'s like K. Zilliacus who are fighting with admirable devotion for a change of official British attitude on Spain, but their numbers are too pitifully few to have an immediate effect.

Actually in the space of a year Britain has tried everything in Spain—everything except the republic. For six months it favored the monarchy. Today I venture to say categorically that the idea of restoring the crown in Spain has been abandoned by everyone in London except the Duke of Alba's friends, who have no influence on government policy. On the one hand the British have become convinced that there are practically no monarchists in Spain; on the other hand they realize that the Pretender is a nonentity without the slightest political acumen that would fit him for his mission. The "Swiss group"—the advisers whom Don Juan had gathered around him in Lausanne—and particularly the intelligent Lopez Olivan, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who had won the esteem of certain British circles, have been steadily losing influence with the Pretender the closer he gets to Spain. His *Corte de Estoril* is made up of the most reactionary Spanish royalists, and the British know that the only thing these men can accomplish in Spain is to provoke a new war.

Above all, lack of popular support for Don Juan and the hostile attitude of the Catholic church have convinced the British that it is useless to play the monarchist card. The Spanish hierarchy continues blindly to link its fate with that of Franco; since the appointment of the U. N. fact-finding commission it has intensified its propaganda in behalf of Franco. Commenting on the action of the Security Council, Cardinal Parrado y Garcia, Archbishop of Granada, denounced the existence of "an international plot to overthrow the present regime in Spain as a first move toward the complete destruction of Spanish Catholicism." The Latin American clergy have also come to the aid of Franco. *Noblesse oblige*—Spanish priests were dispatched to Buenos Aires to spread propaganda in behalf of Perón's fascist regime and against the United States; now Argentine priests are arriving in Madrid to return the favor.

For all these reasons London has given up the idea of restoring the monarchy in Spain.

Before this the British had been flirting with certain Spanish generals whose names I shall not cite here. The flirtation is still going on, but I am convinced that it is simply a means of keeping Franco in line. No one here has any confidence in the generals, not even as a temporary solution. It is feared that they would be overwhelmed by events and that the Republicans would rapidly sweep into power. But that the Spanish people should acquire ultimate control is precisely what Britain wants to prevent. In the minds of the men who determine British foreign policy today lurks the belief that

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once Franco is overthrown the republic that follows will be dominated by Communists and controlled by Moscow. The obsession of possible Russian infiltration into Spain has spread to the most diverse groups. There are few courageous enough to admit that given a choice between the shame of knowing that Britain maintains Franco in power and the loss of one of Britain's last strongholds in the Mediterranean, they would accept the shame and allow democracy to be sacrificed in Spain.

Of course the fear and the obsession increase with every new difference that arises between Russia and the other powers. In that respect the Foreign Ministers' conference at Paris has not helped the Spanish cause. Every failure to reach an understanding or agreement with the Soviet Union only intensifies this negative position, which consists in preventing the Russians from gaining a hold in Spain through the medium of the republic.

Bevin will never admit that what determines his Spanish policy is the fear that Russia will extend its influence to that part of the Mediterranean or that Gibraltar may become another Trieste. After all, it would be impossible for a minister of a party that made restoration of democracy in Spain one of its main electoral planks to come out now and say, "We are ready to sacrifice the entire Spanish people to the security of the Empire." What he always says in official—and even private—discussions is: "Show me a way to get a democratic regime in Spain without civil war." One could point out to him that the way to get it is quite the opposite of the one he is following—but if Bevin has many unquestionably strong qualities, being a good listener is not one of them. He has made up his mind that any change of policy now would lead to trouble in Spain. And here we come back to the starting point: trouble in Spain means the risk of Communists getting the upper hand, of Russia ruling the Peninsula. As for a break of relations with Franco, Bevin says with contempt, "An empty gesture." His is the kind of thinking that prevailed at Chapultepec and San Francisco with regard to Argentina.

The theory that the republic means Communist domination of Spain is not supported by the facts. In Spain the Socialist Party has always been, and will be again, the center of any government coalition and the rallying point for the Republican forces. Moreover, there is a strong working-class, trade-union group which opposes Communist hegemony. No thinking Communist can expect his party either to guide or to dominate Spanish politics. Yet this fear dictates British policy on Spain. This morning, for instance, I was told, "Your only hope for a change in the British position is that the results of the French and Italian elections on June 2 do not prove too frightening." I smiled and said, "Perhaps an M. R. P. victory in France and a majority for the monarchy in Italy?" "Not so far to the right," was the reply, "but not too many Communists either."

There is no indication that Britain's policy will change in the near future. Its representatives to the Security Council will vote for any resolution, like that of San Francisco or Potsdam, that calls simply for moral condemnation of the Spanish fascist regime. But they will block if they can anything that means real action—a rupture of diplomatic relations with Franco or recognition of the Republican government. Meanwhile they will continue giving Franco new help by increased trade with Spain and counsels of moderation. In the end this policy will bring disaster, but the British are hoping it will gain time, just as they thought Munich would gain time. They have yet to learn that it will not bring peace for a generation but only, perhaps, for six months.

Home Thoughts from Spain

(Inspired by Sir William Beveridge and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Night over Spain has flooded,
  But Might may be almost Right,
And black, objectively studied,
  May come to resemble white.

In liberal breasts there rises
  A feeling akin to pain
When doctrinaires force a crisis
  To liberate Franco's Spain.

They hearken with sad misgiving
  To queries best left unsaid,
Why the tyrant of Spain is living
  While all the rest are dead.

Press, politics, votes, religion,
  Spain will for Spain make free,
But Spain is not Britain's pigeon,
  Like Balkan democracy.

We must not abandon in blindness
  Our simple but heartfelt course
To ease from the Fascist by kindness
  The prey that he seized by force.

We learn from the days of olden,
  If freedom must be suppressed,
Non-intervention is golden,
  And Britain's silence is best.

The voices of censure hushing,
  Our *simpat* we must not stint.
And with tears of gratitude gushing
  The Caudillo will take the hint.

No longer from injury smarting,
  He will sense he has had his day—
With his tents and his Arabs departing,
  He will silently steal away.

SAGITTARIUS

Courtesy of the *New Statesman and Nation* (London)

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The Case for Army Justice

BY EDWARD S. GREENBAUM

A New York lawyer who served as a private and an officer in World War I and as an officer in World War II

THIS is the open season for knocking the army. It is in the doghouse. It now appears that the army and navy made an awful mess of everything, with the possible exception of licking the Germans and Japs. Almost every one of the more than ten million men who served in the army has his own gripe. Each has first-hand knowledge of something that went wrong. Many of them are now sounding off. And that is all to the good, for that is the way to correct things that should be corrected. But no sound solution will be reached on the basis of incorrect statements, unjustified criticism, or unsupported conclusions.

The particular gripe of one of the ten million appeared in *The Nation's* issue of April 27. The article in which it was set forth was featured on the cover as giving the "facts" about army courts-martial and was made the subject of an editorial. The question is an important one and deserves the attention that it is now receiving.

What is this particular charge against the army? The editorial refers to the court-martial system as "ancient." This charge must be admitted. But it is also true of the Constitution. The Ten Commandments are even older. The Articles of War, the basic authority for the army's court-martial system, are the legal code made by civilian authority for the government of the army. They were not concocted by the army but were enacted by Congress. Originally written by George Washington, who realized the need for a sound legal basis for enforcing military discipline, they were adopted by the Continental Congress. Since then they have been modernized by acts of Congress to meet changing needs and conditions. They are not an archaic monstrosity.

The editorial praises what it calls an "excellent report" of a subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee. This document was merely a draft of a suggested report labeled: "Exclusively for members' use. Not to be released." It was not approved or released by the committee. No hearings were conducted either by the committee or its subcommittee. It is obvious that no judgment should be based on the conclusions of this so-called report.

The article, written by Maurice Rosenblatt, voices a variety of complaints. But the author also says, "On paper army justice is severe but fair," and "there are practically no instances of innocent men being convicted or framed." It is indeed a tribute to the army's judicial system that even its critics feel this. The fact that there were practically no instances of an innocent man being convicted or framed would indicate that the army's system of justice was fair not only "on paper" but in practice.

The full import of this strong indorsement should be realized. The army was called upon to create, train, equip, and transport to the remotest parts of the world the largest fighting force in our history. It did so. The men constituting this new army came from all walks of life. They included not only the finest, best, and bravest of our young men but thugs, drunks, and cowards. In normal times and under normal conditions many of these men would have been offenders against the law. For it is the age group between eighteen and forty that produces 80 per cent of our criminals in civil life. It could be expected that an even larger number of offenses would be committed by these men in the army than in civil life, for they were suddenly taken from their homes and surroundings and plunged into a new and hard life—a life that none of them wanted and few of them liked.

Overnight these men ceased to be civilians and became soldiers. This change involved giving up many things, not the least of which was freedom of action. Suddenly the new soldier became subject to a restraint called army discipline, without which any army is a mob. Staying away was no longer merely absenteeism. It was A. W. O. L., a military offense. The new soldier also became punishable by an army court for civil offenses. More than a quarter of the convictions by general courts-martial were for civil offenses.

To try these cases the army was obliged to establish and administer military courts in all parts of the world. The complexity of the task is illustrated by the wide variety of offenses committed. A soldier from Tennessee gets drunk in Algiers and kills an Arab. A sergeant from Pennsylvania abstracts money from the mail of his fellow-soldiers in Liverpool. A corporal from Florida holds up a lunch counter in Denver. A private from New York shoots a companion in a crap game in New Caledonia. A captain from Massachusetts engages in black-market operations in Casablanca. An Air Force lieutenant from Illinois overstays his leave from the Lincoln Air Base in Nebraska, leaving a trail of bad checks. The army tried those and thousand of other cases throughout the war. That it was able to do this with practically no instance of convicting an innocent man, as Mr. Rosenblatt concedes, is an outstanding achievement. Even civil courts, operating in normal times, would be proud of it.

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It is claimed that army justice operates on a double standard, being unfair to the enlisted man. This charge is a serious one. Such discrimination cannot and should not be defended. But is the charge true? To substantiate it Mr. Rosenblatt cites two instances that came to his notice when he was in the army. That these and other cases may have occurred does not prove the charge.

The composition of the army negatives this charge of discrimination against enlisted men. Only 20,485 of the 890,654 officers who served in the army from July, 1940, through 1945 were regular-army officers. All the others had been civilians just a short time before, and most of them entered the army as enlisted men. To be more specific, 97.70 per cent of the officers came from civil life, 70.72 per cent being commissioned from the ranks and 26.98 per cent directly from civil life. The remaining few, 2.30 per cent, were in the regular army, and many of them had previously been enlisted men.

The record does not sustain the charge that these ex-civilians and ex-privates suddenly lost their sense of fairness. Of the 64,189 men tried by general courts-martial from Pearl Harbor to the end of February, 1946, 8,125 were officers. This is far above the proportion of officers to enlisted men. The sentences in 1,413 of these cases included dismissal from the service; in many cases the sentences included long periods of confinement; rape and black-market operations were among the crimes. It is not a fact, as stated in *The Nation's* editorial (as amended in its May 4 issue), that these offenses merely subjected an officer to a reprimand.

Unfortunately, however, many enlisted men do feel that there was discrimination. It is believed that one reason for their feeling is that enlisted men are not permitted, under the Articles of War, to serve on general courts-martial. In the writer's opinion Congress should permit them to serve on such courts whenever an enlisted man is being tried.

Mr. Rosenblatt makes the surprising statement that "there is no habeas corpus in the army," and his first recommendation is that the protection of habeas corpus be extended to the army. But habeas corpus does, and always has, extended to the army. As many a judge advocate and district attorney can testify, the courts do not refuse to grant writs of habeas corpus. They are zealous, as they should be, in making the army show that the legal rights of the accused are being protected.

The Articles of War prescribe the manner of trial and set up safeguards to protect the accused. They incorporate the basic rights of any accused person given in the Bill of Rights and administered in civil courts. They also provide additional protection not available to persons tried before civil courts. These include the following safeguards: (a) Before trial the accused is given the right not only to give evidence in a pre-trial investigation but to face and cross-examine witnesses in order to show his innocence. (b) Defense counsel is furnished at no expense to the accused. (c) At the trial, if the accused does not elect to testify, he may make an unsworn statement without subjecting himself to cross-examination. (d) Previous convictions cannot be considered by the court in determining guilt. They are only admissible after a finding of guilty, as an aid to the court in determining the sentence. Even then the evidence is limited to convictions within the immediately preceding year. (e) The accused receives, without cost, a complete copy of the record. (f) In every case an automatic appeal from the court-martial goes to the reviewing authority, and then to the Judge Advocate General. The sentence is not effective until this review is completed. This is done without any request on the part of the prisoner. (g) Six months after confinement the case of every man sentenced to a disciplinary barracks is reviewed for clemency by the Under Secretary of War. A further review is had every year thereafter until he is released from confinement. At any time during this period, by showing proper conduct and attitude, a prisoner may be restored to duty as a soldier and become entitled to an honorable discharge.

These steps, and particularly the provisions for automatic appeals and clemency, are of vital importance. Contrast them with the complicated and costly steps that a person convicted by a civil court must take to appeal his case or present it for clemency.

It is charged that military justice is overrun by the "congealed caste system" and "the inflexibility of the military mind." Who are the persons against whom this charge is leveled? Even the extremists who assume that regular army officers, including such persons as General Marshall, General Eisenhower, and General Bradley, are constitutionally incapable of administering justice fairly cannot escape the fact that the administration of justice in the army was largely in the hands of men from civil life. All general court-martial cases were taken before boards of review in the office of the Judge Advocate General, who himself practiced law as a civilian before he went into the regular army. Throughout the war these boards of review were composed solely of officers from civil life, including former judges, law-school professors, and other outstanding lawyers. Final authority was vested in the Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, who, besides being an outstanding statesman, is a distinguished lawyer. He delegated his direct responsibilities to Under Secretary of War, now Secretary, Robert P. Patterson, one of the country's ablest lawyers and judges. Both gave their personal attention to these matters.

They were assisted by specialists in the field who utilized modern methods to the fullest degree. Individual case studies were made for each general prisoner. Austin H. McCormack, former Commissioner of Correction in New York, has stated that civil institutions can learn a

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great deal from the way in which the army has done this work. A Board of Consultants of which he, together with other leading penologists, is a member has given the army expert help and guidance. Among these penologists are Commissioner Sanford Bates of New Jersey; James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons; Edward R. Cass, general secretary of the American Prison Association; Warden Joseph W. Sanford of the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta; and Warden Walter M. Wallack of the Wallkill State Prison in New York.

One of the army's biggest problems was man-power. A man in the guardhouse is no asset. Accordingly, both for its own interest and to help the individual, the army did everything in its power to regain convicted men by restoring them to duty as soldiers. To accomplish this, it established rehabilitation centers here and abroad. The prisoners sent to these centers were given individual attention, and more than half of them were restored to duty. Ninety per cent of those restored acquitted themselves well on their second try in active service.

To aid him in passing on clemency cases the Under Secretary of War created a Clemency Board. Its chairman is Owen J. Roberts, former justice of the United States Supreme Court. This board reviews each case, considering not only the court-martial proceedings but the prisoner's home conditions, family background, and behavior before and after joining the army, together with the report of a Psychiatric and Sociological Board.

In spite of these and other measures to protect the rights of the individual, inequities and abuses undoubtedly did occur. This was inevitable in an organization so vast and widespread. Justice is dependent upon the manner in which it is administered, and no perfect method has yet been attained. But before the army's system is called "drumhead" and condemned, the facts should be ascertained and carefully weighed. None of the improvements which should result from our experience in World War II will be achieved unless the subject is approached with an open mind and without bias.

It's Double Justice

BY MAURICE ROSENBLATT

IN HIS defense of khaki justice Edward S. Greenbaum, an erstwhile general, exerts himself principally to prove that an army of ten million must have some system of law and order. He seems to feel that the present system, as expressed in the 122 Articles of War, is, with a few qualifications, both humane and fair, and that the criticism I voiced in Justice on a Drumhead in *The Nation* for April 27 was "the particular gripe" of one presumably maladjusted member of that army.

I have given respectful attention to Mr. Greenbaum's recitation of "facts," and I fail to find anything which would change one jot the belief expressed to me personally by hundreds of men, repeated by thousands in mail to *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes*, and still firmly held by practically all veterans, that in the army they lived under a system of double justice. In effect, soldiers brought up to respect the American tradition of impartial justice without regard to station or class felt that they were living, not under a system of law, but under an archaic, capricious, and frequently brutal system of punishment.

To refute the daily experience of millions of men Mr. Greenbaum refers to "the book," summoning a series of paper regulations as proof that all went well and that the soldier really enjoys every guaranty for a fair trial. I have never doubted that army justice squared on paper. But it was clear to me and to several million other men that the spirit and the letter of the code were cruelly perverted in practice.

Mr. Greenbaum quotes my statement that "there are practically no instances of innocent men being convicted or framed." He ignores the rest of my point—that every officer and man in the army has committed some infraction which his superior can press or overlook. Under the elastic ninety-sixth article of war charges can be preferred on the vaguest of grounds, including "all disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service."

It is true that the Articles of War "set safeguards to protect the accused." But how have some of these safeguards worked? The pre-trial investigation has served frequently, not as an impartial attempt to evaluate evidence and decide the charge, but rather as a means of collecting new evidence for the prosecution—in some instances it has been used to obtain admissions and confessions from the accused.

The fact that defense counsel is furnished free is neither a safeguard nor a bargain. In civil life the first thing a man does when he gets in trouble is to call a lawyer. In the army the accused usually meets his lawyer only after the military police, the prosecutor, and the investigating officer have all had their chance at him, and after he has made statements which his lawyer would have prevented. The defense counsel is usually a junior officer unschooled in military law, and sometimes he is no lawyer at all. By the time the defense lawyer meets the accused the prosecution has finished preparing its case, and there is not much the defense can do except decide how to plead.

It is true that the accused receives, without cost, a complete copy of his trial record. But it is completely untrue that the sentence is not "effective" until reviewed. While the case is under review the soldier is a prisoner, confined at hard labor in a guardhouse. Mr. Greenbaum's statement holds only in the case of a convicted

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officer; while awaiting a review an officer enjoys the freedom of the post, sleeps in quarters, and eats at the officers' club.

To show that officers did not escape their share of courts-martial, Mr. Greenbaum calls attention to the fact that of the 64,189 general courts-martial held from Pearl Harbor to February, 1946, 8,125 were of officers. These figures prove nothing, since general courts-martial were the only ones with power to try officers, and the 8,125 were *all* the officers tried, for both petty and major offenses. Enlisted men were usually tried by summary or special courts, and were brought before a general court only for the gravest crime. Although I have been unable to ascertain the total number of war-time courts-martial, a conservative estimate indicates that more than 300,000 enlisted men were tried by the three types of courts.

Furthermore, the punishment varied radically with the rank. Mr. Greenbaum's own figures indicate that 1,413 officers were punished by dismissal from the service, a sentence carrying no dishonorable connotation. For similar offenses common soldiers faced hard labor and dishonorable discharge. Even the violations of security were treated inequitably. An army orientation lecture on secret military information cited the fate of eight security violators: four enlisted men received long prison sentences; four officers were either reduced in rank or sent home. Consider the episode of Colonel William Coleman, the commander of Selfridge Field, Michigan, who in a drunken fit shot and wounded his Negro chauffeur. A general court convicted Coleman of "careless use of firearms" and sentenced him to be reduced to captain and denied promotion for three years. According to my experience and that of other criminal investigators, it was extremely difficult to bring officers to trial despite mountains of evidence. The troops' morale suffered continuously as officers who were known to be guilty of flagrant violations of the rules imposed guardhouse sentences on enlisted men for small infractions.

Mr. Greenbaum invokes the names of Secretaries Stimson and Patterson and ex-Justice Roberts as proof that military justice was in competent legal hands. I recognize also that thousands of anonymous officers were extremely scrupulous and sought to be impartial and fair. The failures of justice in spite of the quality of the men responsible demonstrates that the entire system was so ill contrived as to defeat the best intentions of the personnel.

The War Department and its apologists would do well to stop whitewashing and suppressing the army's justice record. The current attempt to bury or edit the valuable report of the Military Affairs Subcommittee on this subject and the deliberate bungling of the Lichfield trials indicate that the military do not want to reform their judicial system. Apparently they still feel that democracy is incompatible with discipline. The public, which likes to forget about the army, must realize that a feudal caste, sustained by arbitrary court-martial justice, will not liquidate itself. If we are to have an efficient army, there must be changes, and these must be forced by the public.

Daughters of the Counter-Revolution

BY J. MITCHELL MORSE

Formerly on The Nation's *editorial staff*

Atlantic City, N. J., May 21

SOMEHOW one expects the Daughters of the American Revolution to meet in Boston or Philadelphia rather than in this convention playground of furriers and traveling salesmen. One associates them willy-nilly with Faneuil or Independence Hall, not with the auditorium-on-the-boardwalk, which at the moment is host also to the Order of the Golden Chain, the Order of the Eastern Star, and the National Association of Master Plumbers.

The first D. A. R. delegates arrived in time to see a parade by 7,000 Tall Cedars of Lebanon (a branch of the Masons), led by an eighty-two-year-old member of Atlantic City Forest No. 11 on a high bicycle of the type that was popular in his young manhood; the $75 prize for the funniest float went to New Brunswick Forest No. 12 for a bathroom with a man in the tub, the shower running on his head. Apparently the Daughters don't sense the incongruity of holding their Fifty-fifth Continental Congress in this innocent Edom.

Sunday was devoted to milling around in the lobbies of the Marlborough-Blenheim. A cheery din of talk filled the rooms, but running through it was a tone of lower pitch and softer timbre than the rest, and whenever this could be isolated it dealt with That Resolution. Wherever two or three were gathered together in a quiet corner the talk was of Constitution Hall and Marian Anderson and Hazel Scott and Clare Boothe Luce and the Resolutions Committee. The air was murmurous with rumors of war.

By Monday afternoon the rumble of artillery being rolled into position was unmistakable. The press com-

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mittee gave a party for reporters in the solarium of the Claridge, and Mrs. Julius Y. Talmadge of Athens, Georgia, president general of the D. A. R., put in an appearance. She is a remarkable woman, charming, energetic, and stupid. She announced that she would make no effort to hush up the controversy raised by the D. A. R. Committee Against Racial Discrimination in Constitution Hall, a group of sixteen dissidents headed by Mrs. Luce, which had submitted to the Resolutions Committee, for presentation at this congress, a resolution that the words "for white artists only" be deleted from the leases of Constitution Hall. She intimated that the mavericks might do their worst, the D. A. R. was ready. I asked Mrs. Talmadge, "Are you related to—?" "No," she replied, smiling bravely. "I've been answering that question all day."

Two hours later the first formal session opened with a parade of colors—the United States flag, the banners of the D. A. R. and the Children of the American Revolution, and the state flags. Then, to the roaring of the organ, Mrs. Talmadge and her cabinet paced slowly down the aisle. The occasion really called for the March of the Peers from "Iolanthe," the one with the gentle spoofing of Handel's grand style and the lines,

> Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,
> Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes.

In her opening address Mrs. Talmadge fired the first gun. It was quite a blast. The whole thing, she said, was inspired by foreign elements in our society—"Americans by adoption only"—who wished to undermine the American economic system, to discredit the D. A. R., and to get free publicity for certain artists. But the D. A. R. would stand fast: the national board of management had appointed a committee to review the rental provisions of Constitution Hall, with legal assistance, in order to make sure that no changes in policy were necessary.

In her prepared address, mimeographed copies of which were distributed to the press immediately before delivery, Mrs. Talmadge had said, "I call upon D. A. R. members to strike at Communists, pacifists, fascists, and radicals who are seeking to destroy the foundations of our liberty by causing strife and discord." But in the reading she omitted the word "fascists." It was replaced by a brief interval of silence, indicating that the omission was deliberate.

She was followed by Senator C. Wayland ("Curly") Brooks of Illinois, who said it was too bad we hadn't attached political conditions to lend-lease "when the nations that were fated to be our allies had their backs to the wall," and by Mrs. George Everett Parker, national president of the Daughters of the Revolution, who in extending the greetings of that sister organization called for the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Russia.

Mrs. Luce was not on hand. From Washington she issued a statement to the effect that individual members of the D. A. R. must choose between "those who want to follow Abraham Lincoln and those who stand with Senator Bilbo," and asked, "If our committee and the actions of our committee are unconstitutional and illegal, why doesn't Mrs. Talmadge take the constitutional and legal means which she thinks exist to cause us to disband? . . . I think the reason she doesn't is that she knows the cause we are fighting for . . . is a just, a liberal, and an American cause."

This morning Mrs. Talmadge replied through the Resolutions Committee: "WHEREAS, There has been formed in recent months an unconstitutional committee, . . . and Whereas, The termination of all committees rests with Continental Congress only, *Resolved*, That the Fifty-fifth Continental Congress now in assembly orders the immediate dissolution of said unauthorized committee; and further forbids the use of the terms 'D. A. R.' and 'Constitution Hall' by any person or group of persons now and hereafter without its expressed consent." (The ladies are innocent of the subjunctive.)

Mrs. Talmadge observed the parliamentary amenities scrupulously. She had the resolution read twice, and twice invited discussion. There was none. The vote brought a thunderous chorus of "Ayes" and one faint "No." Mrs. Luce's group, leaderless and unprepared, gave up without fighting.

A second resolution, expressing confidence in the national board of management for its handling of Constitution Hall, was passed unanimously. Other resolutions, also passed unanimously, were to engage in a campaign of education so that people would no longer "erroneously apply the word 'democracy' to the United States form of government," to commend J. Edgar Hoover "for his courage in opposing subversive elements," to commend the House Committee on Un-American Activities for "the service rendered to the Congress of the United States and to the people," to ask Congress to enact legislation requiring all national organizations that collect money to file annual reports with the Department of Justice, and, in regard to the United Nations, to continue the D. A. R.'s campaign of education "to prevent the confusion of this plan of world responsibility with any plan for world government."

"Whereunto shall I compare the Kingdom of God? It is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, and the whole was leavened." This Fifty-fifth Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been a jamboree of the unleavened. Perhaps, after all, Atlantic City is the most appropriate setting for it. The ladies are quite in place here—more so, one feels, than they would be in Boston or Philadelphia.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Chester Bowles: Evangelist of Plenty

ONE exasperating fact about Chester Bowles, from the point of view of the numerous business men for whom he is Public Enemy No. 1, is that he cannot be written off as an impractical professor, a man who never met a pay roll. Former head of a phenomenally successful advertising agency, he appears now as a traitor to his class. The talents he might so usefully employ in merchandising lipstick and laxatives are being prostituted in the public service. He has gone out and sold price control to the public, and his presentations of the case for OPA before Congressional committees are being flattered by business-lobby imitations.

This same gift for clear and convincing exposition is now displayed in a book in which he looks beyond the daily problems of this transition period to America's economic future—"Tomorrow Without Fear" (Simon and Schuster, paper $1, cloth $2.50). It is a very good-tempered work, which avoids all name-calling and even throws a bouquet to Congress. But it is also a very earnest work, for Mr. Bowles is a man with a message—a message of more abundant life under a free-enterprise system provided we take the trouble to make that system deliver the goods of which it is capable.

There is nothing startlingly new in Mr. Bowles's ideas. His analysis of the causes of booms and slumps and the recipes he offers for stable prosperity are akin to those formulated by Henry Wallace in "Sixty Million Jobs." The chief difference between the two books lies in their angles of approach. Where Mr. Wallace emphasizes jobs and production, Mr. Bowles stresses incomes and consumption, which are, of course, both the fruits and the seed of production.

"Tomorrow Without Fear" starts with an examination of conditions in 1940, a year when the American economy had climbed a long way out of the trough of the early thirties. The volume of production was by then rather greater than it had been in 1929. There was at least an appearance of prosperity, and standards of living were high compared to those of almost all other countries. Yet, as Mr. Bowles reminds us, the lowest third of family income averaged only $527, the middle third only $1,365. This meant that tens of millions were ill-nourished and could afford to buy but few of the consumers' goods which factories were equipped to turn out in abundance. At the same time social capital was deficient. There were, for instance, no hospital facilities in 1,200 counties; millions of children were taught in overcrowded, rundown schools by underpaid teachers; a vast population lived in slums. Yet side by side with all this clear evidence of poverty was the equally clear evidence of unutilized resources—eight million unemployed.

In the war we mobilized our resources with such success that although at the peak half the aggregate production was for war, we were able to provide more goods for civilian consumption than ever before. "The $200,000,000,000 question" now says Mr. Bowles, is: Are we going to keep national income at its war-time heights or are we going to return to 1940? We have proved the possibility of producing $200,000,000,000 worth of goods and services annually. Every dollar of that production is necessarily represented by a dollar of income in the form of wages, salaries, or profits; so that if all income is utilized, either for consumption or for investment, production will be fully absorbed. The trouble has always been, however, that there is no necessary correspondence between willingness to save and willingness to invest. Sometimes business men attempt to invest more than is saved from current incomes, and the result is inflation; at other times, lacking confidence in profit prospects, they hold back, and start a deflationary spiral.

Like many economists, and a growing number of business men, Mr. Bowles sees a partial remedy for this situation in fiscal policy. By accumulating surpluses in boom periods and undertaking deficit expenditures when private investment lags, the government can do much to offset irregularities in capital formation inherent in the private-enterprise system.

But it is doubtful whether government action alone can insure the complete purchase of the national product under conditions of full employment. On the basis of the present distribution of income between the spending classes and the saving classes it seems probable that after a few years the volume of savings generated will be too large to be absorbed by either private investments or genuinely useful public investments. To overcome this difficulty, Mr. Bowles suggests, we must give the lower-income groups, who are in a position to expand their expenditures for consumption, a larger share of the income pie. Otherwise we shall find our economy moving into the same blind alley as in the twenties, when, as Mr. Bowles explains in a particularly striking chapter, the lag of effective purchasing power behind productivity caused business to choke on its own profits. In the six years 1923-29 output per man-hour in the manufacturing industries increased 24 per cent, while average hourly wages increased only 3½ per cent. Profits, on the other hand, were 57 per cent higher. "If our wage-earners," writes Mr. Bowles, "had received a higher share of the growing national income to spend for additional goods and services, and if our stockholders had received a lesser share, everyone including our stockholders would have been better off."

In order to bake the biggest cake of production of which we are capable, capital will have to accept a smaller slice, which, however, will represent a larger total amount. But can private enterprise be persuaded to follow this path to salvation? Mr. Bowles, who is inspired with evangelical optimism, is sure that it can, though he recognizes the necessity of pushing business in the right direction by such measures as incentive taxation, the stiffening of the minimum-wage law, the extension of social security, and government stimulation of foreign trade. In addition, however, it will be necessary for business to trim profit margins as the volume of business rises, and so insure that either labor or the consumer, or both, gets most of the benefits of increased productivity. Mr. Bowles seems to think that private enterprise, as a whole, is willing to adopt such a policy of enlightened self-interest. I hope he is right, but the current eagerness to exploit a sellers' market, regardless of the consequences, makes me very skeptical.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Spain and Propaganda

WIND IN THE OLIVE TREES: SPAIN FROM THE INSIDE. By Abel Plenn. Boni and Gaer. $3.

SPAIN never was a country one could write about dispassionately; but a new book about the plight of the Spanish people under Franco cannot be judged by the amount of passion it contains or the intensity of the feelings of loathing and pity it evokes. At a time when the enslavement of the Spaniards, in itself no more tragic now than at the start of the bondage but worse in contrast with the liberation of other victims of fascism, impinges upon the problem of making a decent and durable peace, a book like Abel Plenn's must be judged by its effectiveness as propaganda. Will it make Americans already opposed to Franco do more than they have in the past to influence official policy? Will it make them act more effectively? Will it convince Americans thus far apathetic?

As propaganda the basic trouble with "Wind in the Olive Trees: Spain from the Inside" is that it is Spain from the inside of some of its author's misconceptions of what he, as a professional propaganda analyst, might call the requirements of the "target area"—that is, the state of mind and feelings of his American public. The time has passed when it was enough to "convert the baptized" to the faith of freedom. Yet that seems precisely the goal this deeply human and often moving book seems to set for itself—to make anti-fascists *feel* more anti-fascist. Much that we already know is ably and with convincing emotion retold. There are a few, not many, new facts, some facts of questionable soundness, much "arrangement" and exaggeration to make debating points, and a great deal of feeling, hearsay, and unsupported gossip offered as facts. It all makes good reading for friends of the Spaniards and enemies of fascism. Yet the kind of hard, documented, and convincing new evidence which might have transformed doubting Americans into believers and believers into militants is not here, though Mr. Plenn in his seven months in Spain had an excellent opportunity to get it.

Mr. Plenn proceeds from the false assumption that for the Americans World War II remained an "ideological war" to the end and that, so far as American public opinion as a whole is concerned, the struggle to rid the Spaniards of fascism can be treated as its "natural" sequel. Francisco Franco knows better. He knows that the Spanish civil war was the first battle of what World War II might have been but wasn't—an international civil war of progress against reaction. He knows that maintenance of the Spanish status quo was part of Admiral Leahy's policy of expediency which began with President Roosevelt's approval of the Darlan deal and which is being continued by Secretary Byrnes. He understands that in the 1946 version of expediency few things are considered more important than keeping the "reds" away from Gibraltar, Tangier, and Dakar or than currying favor with the Catholic vote, which in the United States, unlike Western Europe, is overwhelmingly reactionary.

And so long as the Spanish fascists and their friends understand and exploit the facts of the new power politics while American anti-fascists rely on an anachronistic and impotent propaganda, fascism is likely to survive in Spain, the Madrid–Buenos Aires axis to strengthen, Spaniards to be persecuted and butchered, and world peace to be endangered. In Madrid in 1943 and 1944 I elected to fight Ambassador Hayes's policies—with what Mr. Plenn calls "skill"—as I had fought Ambassador Murphy's policies in Algiers. Mr. Plenn elected to stay and get the material for a report to the American people. Excellent as it is, "Wind in the Olive Trees" is not the report it might have been. Its author listened and felt too much, watched and recorded too little, and wrote his report entirely for those who already shared his beliefs.

Mr. Plenn writes almost exclusively about Spain as a people, paying little attention to the tragic fact that it is Spain as a place which is the pawn of power politics. Yet there were political and geopolitical facts, clarifications of elements of geographic and economic strategy available to Mr. Plenn which might have dispelled the illusion that a Spain in the hands of free Spaniards would tip the power balance in favor of Moscow and against Washington and London. Mr. Plenn makes much of Franco's "drawn face of fear," of fear as the mortar holding the Spanish state structure together. Yet the New York *Times* correspondent in Madrid reports that Franco "is returning to Falange support and reapproaching the policies from which he withdrew in the closing days of World War II and the early days of the peace." This does not sound as though Franco felt he had much to fear; and it does not serve the cause of Spanish liberation to make Americans believe Franco is frightened.

Nor does it help to say—much as the wish-fulfilment propagandists said of Italy and Germany—that by a "conservative estimate" 85 per cent of the Spaniards are anti-fascist. Whatever the proportion, the fact is that the Junta Suprema is a numerical minority just as the French Resistance was; the Spanish people cannot free themselves without external help.

Mr. Plenn accurately says that American government policy has been and continues to be the strengthening of fascist power in Spain; but he suggests that the "bitter economic rivalry between Great Britain and the United States" is the primary cause, skipping lightly over the fact that Washington and London have made common cause in Spain against Moscow. The United Nations "investigation" is the child of Washington and London, and its seed is neither the fear of another civil war in Spain nor even the fear of communism in Spain; it is the fear that the civil war in Spain, which is almost inevitable, will lead to the triumph of an independent, republican, socialist Spain and the full emergence of an anti-imperialist Western Europe, neither

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Communist nor capitalist, subservient neither to the Russians nor to the Anglo-Americans.

There are only two ways in which books about Spain can help the Spaniards. One is to assist the Spanish anti-fascists to get arms—without, however, telling them how or when to use them. The other is to broaden the basis of the anti-fascist front in this country in such a way as to give it the domestic political leverage which can effectively influence foreign policy.

There are liberal Catholics in this country who might cut into the reactionary Catholic support for Franco. The entirely sound argument that the Spanish Catholic hierarchy is fascist is weakened when Mr. Plenn says with dubious soundness—and thereby alienates Catholic opinion—that Spain has never been a truly Christian or Catholic country, and that it has been in Spain that the church has "perhaps failed most signally to spread the Christian faith and the Christian philosophy."

It does not broaden the anti-fascist front in the American South for Mr. Plenn to insist several times on a contrast between Franco's horrors and Lincoln's "just, sane, and charitable program" after the American Civil War, since such words are scarcely applicable to the Reconstruction. Nor do Mr. Plenn's rhetorical flights about Spain as "an inferno filled with millions of lost souls" make up for the lack of those facts which could and would convince large numbers of Americans that it is to their personal and practical interest to force their government to act against Franco.

PERCY WINNER

BRIEFER COMMENT

A Marxian Mole

JURGEN KUCZYNSKI, whose "Labor Conditions in Great Britain, 1750 to the Present" now appears in the United States (International Publishers, $2.50), is a Marxian fundamentalist mole, industriously burrowing in the darkness peculiar tracks of his own and throwing up at intervals little molehills of statistics. Since 1926 he has written in German and English—with the help of two joint authors in four cases—nineteen books, most of them devoted to proving his thesis "that labor conditions under industrial capitalism have deteriorated absolutely as well as relatively." The delay in publishing this book in the United States is presumably due to the influence of "Browderism," since Volume II in the same series was published in 1943 in England. The author is described on the jacket as an "eminent British economist and statistician"; the jacket of Volume II, "A Short History of Labor Conditions in the United States of America, 1789 to the Present Day," published in England in 1943, says that the author "has worked on the staff of the American Federation of Labor and is regarded as an authority on labor problems in general and particularly qualified to function as an interpreter of labor conditions in the United States." On the title page he is listed as "Formerly statistician, American Federation of Labor."

Actually Mr. Kuczynski received a scholarship at Brookings Institution Graduate School, worked with the A. F. of L.

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is Orwell at his best. Which is saying a great deal. Few people have ever said better things about the culture of the masses. I would specify as little masterpieces the following essays: *Boys' Weeklies, The Art of Donald McGill,* and *Raffles and Miss Blandish.* I hope they stimulate American critics to analyze the comic-strips and the pulps. The brilliance of Mr. Orwell's pioneer effort should put them on their mettle."
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as a part-time volunteer, and was employed for a short time as a paid worker. He investigated available government wage figures to establish what he called "the social wage," and drew the conclusion that workers are better off during a depression than during a boom, since if the workers' lot is deteriorating, then their lot as non-workers must improve. The A. F. of L. disagreed; when his work was more carefully supervised, Mr. Kuczynski left. In the opinion of his co-workers, Mr. Kuczynski had little or no contact with actual labor problems in the United States and made his deductions solely from statistics.

The thesis of "Labor Conditions in Great Britain" is that of the second volume on American labor: workers have suffered an absolute deterioration in their standards. To support this, all sorts of statistical material are weighted and interpreted. The book's quotations from Engels, Marx, Rowntree, Booth, Hammond, and other authors who described the terrible human waste and exploitation of the Industrial Revolution, while not without their use, do the opposite of proving that the lot of the workers has continued to deteriorate. But let Mr. Kuczynski speak for himself:

> Some people will say that the workers and their families are eating more and better today than fifty or a hundred years ago. Right! But the workers need more food because they have to work more intensely, and in fact the intensity of work has increased more than the quantity and quality of food they consume. Some people will say that the workers have more leisure today than fifty or a hundred years ago. Right! But the workers come home from work so exhausted that without increased leisure they would not be able to work at the pace required today in industry. Some will say that the introduction of social legislation has brought more security to the workers. Right! But increased and long-time unemployment has brought much more insecurity into the worker's life than the pittance paid through unemployment insurance can compensate. . . . Whenever we are able to point to improvements we are at the same time, unfortunately, obliged to point to deteriorations which over-compensate the improvements in the condition of the working class during the last fifty or hundred years.

Right!—if by *we* Mr. Kuczynski means Mr. Kuczynski. If the working day has decreased, that has done the worker no good since he must work more intensely and thus needs more sleep. If the worker gets more food, then the vitamin content of the food is said to be less. If he is better educated, it is only to equip him for technical duties. If he has an automobile, he has to starve himself to operate it. Mr. Kuczynski is inexhaustibly good at his game of "interpretation."

Mr. Kuczynski states that a new era for British labor is beginning, thanks mostly to the help it received from the British Communist Party; but here his usual supporting statistics are lacking.

MARK STARR

A NEW APPROACH TO THE STUDY OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

The Biology of Schizophrenia

by

ROY G. HOSKINS, M.D.

Director of Research, Memorial Foundation for Neuro-Endocrine Research, Harvard Medical School and author of ENDOCRINOLOGY

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The Pleasures of Dissenting

IT WAS OSCAR WILDE, I believe, who said that America's youth was America's oldest tradition. No less wisely, Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, in his pleasant little tract for the times, "Minerva's Progress" (Harcourt, Brace, $2), tells us that America's great bond of unity is dissent. The American Way of Life is an agreement to differ. Good for the Doctor! Now we know what "hundred percentism" means. I might conceive of a fellow-American with whom I disagreed 100 per cent, but hardly of anyone with whom I could agree 100 per cent. For Dr. Cohn any institution of learning—college, university, commercial laboratory, research foundation—which tends to stifle dissent is inimical to culture; and he has on that score a few harsh words to say about some of our proudest centers of scholarship and science—including "nostalgic" St. John's.

So, to please Dr. Cohn, here is where I dissent from him. He is a victim of the national culture fallacy, which at the bottom is Hitlerism. He considers Ortega y Gasset as "the" Spaniard, bound to be totally different from "the" American, presumably Dr. Cohn. But Ortega y Gasset bears little resemblance to, say, Blasco Ibañez, definitely a "man of the masses." "The Revolt of the Masses" found great response in this un-Spanish country; and it could have been written by Joseph Wood Krutch. When we think of "the" American, we must never forget that T. S. Eliot is from Missouri. "The" Frenchman, by heaven's decree, has "an inescapable genius for unique clarity." Well, let Dr. Cohn tackle Paul Claudel.

This is a very enjoyable chat, on learned *but* vital subjects, with a very wise man, and, although he pulls no punches, a very kindly man. Old port and this little book: a sure recipe for a luxurious evening. But will the Doctor approve of port?

ALBERT GUERARD

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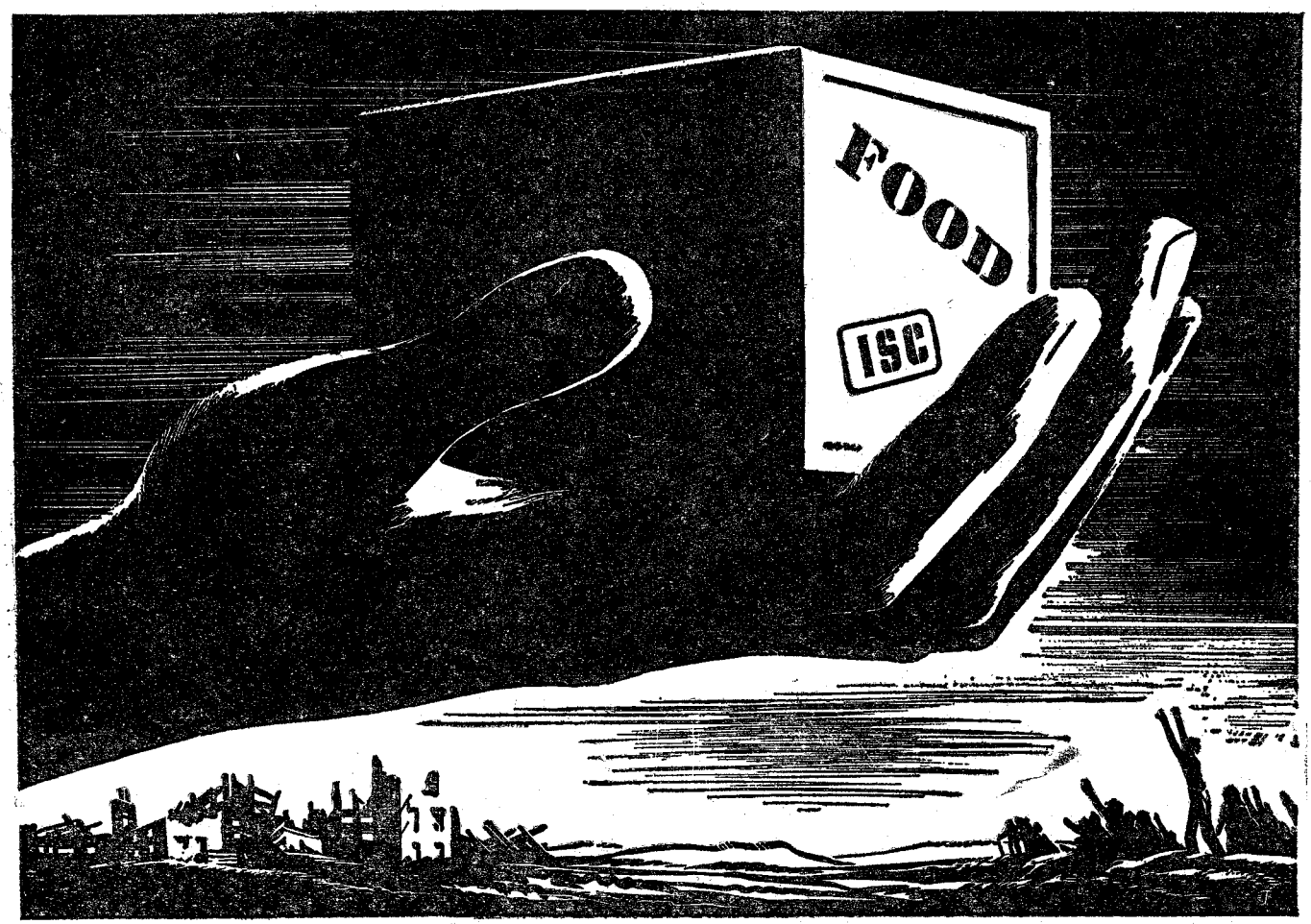

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A Mountain School

THE COUNTRY PEOPLE of America desperately need for their children better education for modern rural living. Julia Weber, in "My Country School Diary" (Harper, $3), appears to understand this well. Her really charming diary sketches in the contours of an education which could transform thousands of little country schools, where nearly four million children are receiving an increasingly inadequate preparation for the changing world in which they live.

Miss Weber's story is a warm and living account of what she and her children did during four years in an isolated mountain school. The story is one of excellent teaching and exciting learning. One sees develop in this little community a strong sense of group membership; the children's sense of isolation disappears as they explore a larger world.

If country people are to be able to live both happily and securely in our rural communities, education must provide them with some broad concepts of farm economics and some true appreciation of rural values. Miss Weber knows this. "We teachers," she says in one of the few passages where she puts down her philosophy in order "to clarify it," "have to have a picture, broadening as our own lives broaden, as to what we think is a good way of life for people. Then in the light of these values we must study our children to see how their lives may improve and develop in these desired directions. As it becomes apparent what our children need, we must try to provide the kind of program that will meet these needs." Julia Weber did exactly this during the four years about which she tells, and her book should prove a tremendous help to everyone interested in country education.

P. ALSTON WARING

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FICTION IN REVIEW

JAMES FARRELL would seem to be a writer peculiarly designed to make his critics impatient. In the first place, there is the sheer quantity of his production: for while, as proof of his devotion to his art, his prodigality rouses our respect and even our tenderness, it exposes him to a kind of judgment he would probably be spared if he published less often. When anyone calls attention to himself so regularly, we begin to ask that he show himself especially deserving of so much notice; almost in the degree that, historically, a large body of work is associated with literary genius, we feel cheated at being presented with a large body of work without genius. And we are likely to express our disappointment in irritation.

Then there is Mr. Farrell's response to the criticism his novels have received. It is true that there have been reviewers of his books who have been less than objective—who, for reasons of political bias or emotional self-protection or simply because they lacked an understanding of what he was aiming at, have tried to drag some color of herring across his literary trail. But these have been few and unimportant. Against them we can set the many serious critics who have dealt fairly and cogently with his work. And among these there has been an extraordinary single-mindedness. Both Mr. Farrell and his readers have been told his merits with an enthusiasm that must leave neither in doubt that these merits are considerable; and both Mr. Farrell and his readers have been told what is missing in his work with a unanimity that must convey the impression of *some* critical truth. But however Mr. Farrell's audience may be influenced by these opinions, Mr. Farrell himself gives evidence of being influenced by them not at all. As a matter of fact, he even endows his fictional protagonists with a similar imperviousness to suggestion. I think it scarcely overvalues the pedagogic function of criticism that Mr. Farrell's critics are bound to be a bit wearied by his deep resistance to change.

It may be, of course, that Mr. Farrell is incapable of change. Certainly this conclusion is pressed on us by his new novel, "Bernard Clare" (Vanguard, $2.75), which, despite certain token gestures in the direction of a wider fictional life, stands shoulder to shoulder with the last volume in the recently completed Danny O'Neill tetralogy. At the end of "My Days of Anger" Danny had left Chicago, his family, and his church, and was on his way to New York to test his fortunes as a writer. The hero of "Bernard Clare" has just left Chicago, his family, and his church, and has come to New York to test his fortunes as a writer. One wonders if it is possible that the mere change of name—from Danny to Bernard—or the mere shift of focus—from the domestic scene to the cosmopolitan one—or the mere passage of time—so that Bernard Clare, instead of being, like young Danny, a creature of his environment, has begun to move toward that expression of free-will which we call maturity—can actually constitute, for Mr. Farrell himself, a radical departure from his earlier work.

That there is something profoundly touching about Bernard goes, I think, without saying: this has been so of all

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Mr. Farrell's main characters. The record of Bernard's eager and miserable days in the Public Library, in his cheap lodgings, and among his Y. M. C. A. acquaintances is bound to win our sympathy. But an emotional response is not the whole of a literary response, and however poignantly Mr. Farrell moves us with the demonstration of his right feelings, he fails finally to win our literary commitment because he fails to support the tenets of human faith with any recognizable act of the creative intellect.

And in all fiction it is of course in the relation between the author and his characters that the creative intellect must manifest itself. I have recently been accused of making the assumption that the central figures in a novel are always the novelist himself—that is, of reading all fiction as if it were autobiographical. Now, obviously, I make no such a priori assumption. I do not for a moment think that either the deeds or the thoughts of fictional characters are necessarily the deeds or the thoughts of their creator. But what I do think is that every novelist is in every book he writes, even where he is apparently most out of it, and that if we mistake an author's relation to the people in his story, the responsibility is the author's alone. For if he does not wish his people to be read as himself—but wishing is here as much an unconscious as conscious process—they will not be read so. If he truly means to say of a character, "This person is this way, but I could wish it were otherwise," the "otherwise" will reveal itself as clearly as the "this way." Certainly—to take an easy example—Flaubert has never been accused of approving Madame Bovary's way of life just because he described it with so much sympathetic understanding. Yet we recall that Flaubert said, "Madame Bovary, c'est moi." Flaubert meant by this statement that he was aware of the large element of self-projection in the creation of his, or any convincing, fictional character; but by the evidence of his novel he was equally aware of the power of the creative intellect to control the projective imagination. What Flaubert *thought* about Madame Bovary is communicated in every page of the book, by his clear dissociation from her point of view.

Between Mr. Farrell and his Bernard Clare there is, unfortunately, no such dissociation of point of view. Every page of Bernard's story communicates Mr. Farrell's intellectual and moral approval of his young protagonist as much as his understanding of him. Because Mr. Farrell has neither provided any other mouthpiece for himself in his novel nor in any other way announced himself as being a different person from Bernard, we are forced to assume that Bernard is his spokesman. It is in this sense that "Bernard Clare" is an autobiographical novel—and such facts as that just as Bernard is a clerk in a cigar store Mr. Farrell was once a clerk in a cigar store, or that just as Bernard sells the Blue Book in Queens Mr. Farrell once sold the Red Book in Brooklyn are entirely irrelevant.

And once such an identification between author and hero has been made, it seems to me that certain conclusions are inevitable. We must conclude, for instance, that as Bernard Clare is at twenty-one, so Mr. Farrell supposes young writers must or should be at twenty-one—else Mr. Farrell would have broken the identification at least long enough to say the opposite. But I, for one, do not think young writers either always are or should be as confused and half-baked and self-pitying as Bernard in his young manhood; I do think they often are—Mr. Farrell's portrait has great verisimilitude—but that makes me feel sad for them, and I could wish that Mr. Farrell, from the vantage point of his own maturity, made a similar judgment. Even more important, I think we must conclude that Mr. Farrell's view of himself in relation to the world is fundamentally the same as Bernard's view of himself in relation to the world—a very narrow one. Of humble origin, Bernard is chiefly concerned with emergence from his background and with the struggle to make a place in the literary sun; even his political radicalism, still necessarily primitive at this stage of his development, is deeply rooted in an emotion of social disadvantage.

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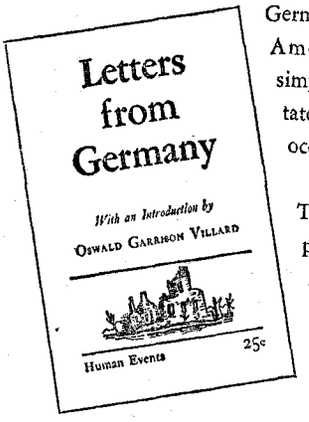

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For all his self-absorption, that is, Bernard estimates himself very low; his egoism is not—as may first appear—the result of an exaggerated but of a diminished notion of his own worth. And here, it seems to me, is the source of the sense of restrictiveness and confinement that is communicated by Mr. Farrell's novels. For in order to give a full sense of life a writer must think of himself as big enough to encompass all of life; he must "contain multitudes." Lacking this pride, he is likely to cut the world to a scanter measure than it should ever properly have. DIANA TRILLING

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

CHEKOV'S "Uncle Vanya" is the second item of its repertory to be offered at the Century Theater by the Old Vic company. The play had not been seen here since Lillian Gish appeared in it a good many years ago, and the newspaper reviews of the present performance made it evident that most of the reviewers had at best no more than a polite interest in the author or his works. Perhaps the common opinion that "Uncle Vanya" is not so good as "The Three Sisters" or "The Cherry Orchard" is correct, but the three are so like one another, as well as so unlike anything else, that differences between them are not of the very first importance, and the thing which seems to me most worth saying upon this occasion is that the performance had exactly the merit which I thought the performance of "Henry IV" did not have: it made the play seem richer, more meaningful, and more interesting than I had thought it was.

Few modern playwrights have been talked or written about more than Chekov, and about no other have the things to be said become quite so stereotyped. Some of them, like the statement that nothing happens, are not really true. For instance, "The Sea Gull" ends with a suicide—which is certainly a happening—and in this respect it is like "Othello," the difference lying not in what happens or does not happen but in something which is suggested by the fact that one cannot possibly imagine Shakespeare's so denying himself the occasion for a big scene as to end the play in Chekov's manner by having one character whisper to another, "Don't say anything about it now, but the fact is that Othello has stabbed himself." In other words, the most striking characteristic of Chekov's method is the playing down instead of the playing up of what does happen. Because his characters are convinced that their lives are uneventful, their delineator tends to allow obvious action only brief moments on his stage, and to write at length the scenes where nothing seems to be happening, in order that he may be able to tell his story while at the same time he so communicates to his audience the romantic despair of his dramatis personae, whom nothing depresses more than their conviction that they have no story and that, therefore, life has obviously passed them by. In "Uncle Vanya" an absentee landlord returns with his beautiful young wife to an estate which has been self-sacrificingly managed for him by Uncle Vanya. The latter falls hopelessly in love with the young wife, the local doctor almost seduces her, and when Uncle Vanya discovers not only that fact but also that the owner of the estate is prepared to sell the house from over their heads, he tries to murder him. That may not be a very complicated plot, but many a play has contained no more without being described as one in which "nothing happens."

Some of the other things inevitably said about Chekov are true enough but fail to account for the strong fascination which he exerts, even though they may impressionistically suggest his quality. Inevitably his work is described as being "in a minor key," and, shifting the analogy to still another art, it is said with equal inevitability that his colors are "pastel." Even when a literary term is used it is likely to be one not originally applicable to drama, and he is said to be "elegiac." But the truest of all the accustomed descriptions is that which speaks of his "elusive charm"; and so elusive does it generally remain that only when one is immediately in its presence can one be sure even wordlessly what it is.

This charm must, moreover, always be granted a certain length of time in which to begin to work. Probably most American readers as well as most American audiences feel an impulse to titter at the extraordinary interchange which opens "The Sea Gull": "Why do you always wear black?" "I am in mourning for my dead life." And in the case of "Uncle Vanya" it is not until the beginning of the second act that the spell takes full effect and one finds both that one can no longer choose but hear and also that one has so entered into the mood of the characters that one is seeing things as the characters see them; or rather that one is sufficiently capable of doing so to make meaningful the simultaneous ironic detachment which is also Chekov's.

No doubt the Old Vic company chose to follow "Henry IV" with "Uncle Vanya" partly as a demonstration of its virtuosity, and if so the demonstration is genuinely impressive, for there can be few even among experienced repertory actors who could so satisfactorily turn—as Olivier, Richardson, and Miss Redman do—from Shallow to Doctor Astrov, from Falstaff to Uncle Vanya, and from Doll Tearsheet to the gentle Sonya. But virtuosity is not so important as excellence; and while none of these actors has an opportunity to be as spectacular in the Chekov play as they are all invited to be in Shakespeare, the production to which they all more or less subordinate themselves evokes very successfully what I believe to be the effect intended—and that goes no less for the comedy, which seems to have mildly offended some spectators, than for the melancholy and the pathos. Whether or not Soviet Russia is justified in claiming Chekov as a sort of wistful John the Baptist of the revolution I am willing to leave an open question, though certainly one of the most effective scenes in the present play—that in which the Doctor tries to tell the bored beauty about the disappearance of the forests and the impoverishment of the land—is one they might seize upon. But I am quite sure that Chekov did not see his characters exactly as they see themselves. He is attempting to write realistically about a group of characters whose inveterate romanticism is one of their most prominent characteristics, and the result inevitably includes a kind of humor which is bound to be mocking, no matter how sympathetic it may at the same time remain.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE large retrospective exhibition of Marc Chagall's art now at the Museum of Modern Art (through June 23) makes it clear that his natural endowment, if not his actual accomplishment, enrols him among the very great artists of our time.

The earliest paintings in the show, executed before 1910—under the influence, it seems to me, of German expressionism and Munch—establish what remains narrowly and distinctively Chagall's color. The first picture to establish his style, however, is "The Wedding" of 1910—one of the best works in the entire exhibition, for all its maladroitness—which already reveals the dominating influence of cubism, then hardly born. Henceforth Chagall's development is synchronized with that of the School of Paris. Cubism gives him his style, his plastic conception, his aesthetic discipline, and the effects of cubism remain even when all visible sign of it seems to have disappeared. Matisse, in the course of time, teaches him how to

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unify his color. But Chagall clings to the dark-and-light modeling of cubism even when his color is purest, flattest, and most immediate; rectilinear in his earlier and best pictures, this modeling changes later into soft undulations of warm and cool color along the axes of volumes and planes. And in his most recent paintings there still linger ghostly traces of those patterns of right-angled, open triangles, cutting across volumes and space, that more conspicuously governed his design in the beginning.

Chagall's strongest work and his greatest frequency of success came between 1910 and 1920, the period in which Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and Gris were also at their peak. A new conception of reality and a new accumulation of creative energy, opened up and progressively organized since 1900, had on the eve of the First World War ripened into a great historical style that decisively reversed the direction of Western pictorial art. The premise of illusion and representation was canceled out, and it was asserted that the genesis and process of the work of art were what was to be most prominently offered to the spectator's attention.

Since this aesthetic repudiated finish, polish, surface grace, Chagall's initial clumsiness became in this period a factor to be capitalized upon. And, indeed, the frank and unconcerned exposure of his *gaucherie* was an element indispensable to the power of the paintings of his best period. Coarse surfaces, caked paint, crude design in criss-crosses and diamonds, glaring contrasts of harsh and silky, of black or earth tones with complementary primaries—all these added up to virtue, just as a similar if lesser clumsiness in the same time and place added up to the grace of Juan Gris.

Chagall's clumsiness was in part a function of his situation, balanced as he was between the culture which had formed him as an individual and that which was shaping his art. If you are an East European in Paris and if you remain one no matter what sort of art you practice, then you are committed to errors of taste—good and bad errors alike. Chagall abounds in both. His "surnaturalism," with its dislocation of gravity, anatomy, and opacity, is, like the early coarseness of his *métier*, an error all to the good, though it might have struck the first observers as excessively declamatory and theatrical. But Chagall was also capable of knocking off postcard views and snapshots of romantic couples under the illusion, apparently, that these constituted lyric poetry in the approved Western manner.

In the twenties Chagall set himself to assimilating French cuisine and suavity with the obsessiveness of a clumsy and sentimental man learning to dance. He overcame the provincial harshness that had once been such an asset, he polished, softened, and refined his art; and at the same time he sentimentalized and prettified it—relatively. By this time he was sophisticated enough to avoid bad taste. And yet in spite of the many beautiful paintings—the still lifes that a sweeter Matisse could have painted and the bridal couples hovering in luscious bouquets—Chagall has never recompensed himself with anything nearly as valuable as the roughness he sacrificed. His painting ceased to be an adventure in the sense that Picasso's and even Matisse's still are; it settled down to a routine on the order of Segonzac's, Vlaminck's, Derain's, Utrillo's.

However, it must be pointed out in partial excuse for Chagall that he was also the victim of a general tendency that overtook many other masters of the School of Paris after 1925 or so. At that moment Picasso too became softer and somewhat disoriented; Braque began to repeat himself with increasing sweetness; Matisse, as his influence spread, took to recapitulating his past; even Gris, before he died in 1927, had toned down his initial vigor; and Léger, becoming more and more eclectic, was departing from the high standard he had set in canvases like "La Ville" and "Le Grand Déjeuner." The heroic age of modern art was over; its heroes had come to terms with the pessimistic hedonism then reigning in society itself; and the younger aspirants of the School of Paris had turned to surrealism and neo-romanticism. Chagall was simply part of the general phenomenon. But like Chirico in those same years, he went in for "paint quality" in addition to poetry.

The large "White Crucifixion" of 1939 and "The Cello Player" of 1939 are strong pictures—particularly the latter—and the more recent "Revolution" (not in this show) demonstrates an amazing unity. But the bulk of Chagall's later production suffers chronically from the lack of concentration and pressure. We are given painterly qualities, but not whole works of art, not intense unities that start from *an* experience rather than from experience in general and subordinate general qualities to the total particular impression.

In the last analysis Chagall's accomplishment is incommensurate with his truly enormous gifts. Even in his earlier and best phase he failed to deliver himself of rounded, final, conclusive statements. His masterpieces, unlike many of Matisse's, Picasso's, and Gris's of the same period, leave something still to be said in their own terms; either they lack ultimate and inevitable unity, or else they achieve it only by a relaxation of level, by academic softening.

Chagall's early maladroitness, at the same time that it signified power, represented something impure—he went too far in emphasizing the uniqueness of his personality and he did not know at what point to humble himself and modify and discipline his expression so that it became eligible to take its place in the social order called beauty.

So much for his painting. His work in black and white is another story. Chagall is altogether great in his etchings and drypoints, a master for the ages in the way he places his drawings on the page and distributes his darks and lights. Here his unpurged academicism stands him in good stead; nor is awkwardness any longer a necessary concomitant of the force of his personality. Here his work emerges fresh, pure—and humble. Its passionate severity, its willingness to accept discipline have no parallel in his oils. It may be in part because the black-and-white medium depends on a tradition which Chagall understands more instinctively than he does the tradition of Western painting.

It must not be forgotten that when Chagall first came to Paris he had to assimilate the past and present of Western painting simultaneously, whereas he was already familiar with the past of graphic art through reproductions. And also, black-and-white has, since impressionism, always remained somewhat behind painting and therefore more responsive to academic tendencies. The revolution of post-impressionism was necessary to enable Chagall to publish his genius as a *Maler*, but no revolution at all was needed to prepare his way as a draftsman in black and white.

In any case and in spite of all reservations, Chagall's art remains a feat, in oil as well as in black and white. That a man from the Jewish enclave in the provinces of Eastern Europe should have so quickly and so genuinely absorbed and transformed Parisian painting into an art all his own—and one that retains the mark of the historically remote culture from which he stems—that is a heroic feat which belongs to the heroic age of modern art.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

PRESSURE of other matters has delayed certain final observations on the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. My mind has retained images like those of a later performance of "Raymonda," which went off with the security and smoothness that the first performance had lacked—images of beautiful dance formations achieved with perfection and brilliance by the company under the stimulus of the art and personal radiance of its great ballerina. But I have also retained images of imperfections like those of the last performance of "Le Baiser de la fée," which I attended in order to see the new—and I think preferable—ending of the work. In the village scene Danilova's second entrance in the waltz was thrown into momentary confusion by the snarling-up of the orchestra by the solo horn. But most of the imperfections resulted from the Monte Carlo management's persistence in operating without enough first-rank dancers, and in particular without dancers capable of alternating with Danilova and Franklin and replacing them in emergencies. Because of this policy Franklin's injury, early in the recent New York season, had a disruptive effect on some of the performances that it would not have had if there had been in the company someone of the same stature who had rehearsed and appeared in the works sufficiently to be secure and effective himself and to enable the other dancers to be secure and effective with him—all the other dancers, but above all a Danilova, whose effectiveness in certain movements depends on supports and leverages provided by her partner, which must be made precise and secure by long practice. Apart from Bolender's occasional insufficiency in what he did himself in "Le Baiser," he caught Danilova badly in her leap in the mill scene; and Danielian not only smeared his personality all over "Mozartiana" but provoked Danilova to visible anger with his hampering clumsiness as a partner.

In addition I have retained images of beautiful performances wrecked by the various disturbances of latecomers. A reader who protested to the City Center passed on to me the reply which told him that the Monte Carlo management had found it "impossible" to eliminate the seating of latecomers; but if it is possible for symphony orchestras to keep a small minority from disturbing the majority of the audience and the performers who have arrived on time, it is possible for opera and ballet companies to do so. The reply spoke of the problem it created "to hold out latecomers who then crowd up the passageways and become extremely annoyed and occasionally boisterous"; but if they don't object noisily when the City Center keeps them out at orchestral concerts there is no reason to expect that they will do so when they are kept out at opera and ballet performances. The only restriction the Monte Carlo management had found possible was to delay seating them "until here is a short break in the continuity" of a ballet; and this presumably was what was meant by the reply that I received last fall which promised to "keep seating after the ballets start to a minimum"; but since there are no real breaks in the ballets the result of the restriction was that the latecomers who were kept from wrecking the first movement of "Concerto Barocco" were then allowed to wreck the great second movement. Obviously there is no "minimum" seating of latecomers that will not disturb those who have come on time and who are entitled not to be disturbed.

I suspect that what the opera and ballet companies find "impossible" is to deny wealthy patrons the privilege of arriving in the middle of a performance after their fashionably late dinners, of sauntering down the aisles chatting at their ease, of continuing their commotion as they take their seats. But that is something I should expect the City Center to find not at all "impossible."

To come now to Ballet Theater, and to begin with its repertory—Edwin Denby, a few years ago, spoke of Ballet Theater's inclination toward "ballets intended as Broadway entertainment, making more or less witty jokes but neglecting the terrific or tender poetic possibilities of dancing." These have been pantomime ballets, of which this year's new examples are Semenoff's "Gift of the Magi," which achieves the utmost in nothing at all, and Kidd's "On Stage," which—with its gags, its cutenesses, its falsifications of ballet itself for some of its jokes—operates on a shockingly low level of imagination and taste. But Jerome Robbins's "Interplay" shows that something just as bad can be achieved in a dance ballet by the misuse of dance terms for cheap Broadway smart-alecisms.

As for the other new works, it is hard to believe the feebleness one sees in Bolm's new version of "The Firebird," on which are wasted some startlingly beautiful scenery by Chagall and the exquisite movement of Markova. And Taras's "Graziana" is only an occasionally ingenious use of the language he has learned from Balanchine. Only two works have the force of the operations of a powerful mind in terms it has made its own. One is the brief classical *pas de deux* of Oboukhoff—odd, sharp, and fascinating. And the other is the glory of Ballet Theater's season—Balanchine's revived "Apollo."

"Apollo," wrote Mr. Denby, "is about poetry, poetry in the sense of a brilliant, sensuous, daring, and powerful activity of our nature. It depicts the birth of Apollo . . . then how Apollo was given a lyre, and tried to make it sing; how three muses appeared, and showed each her special ability to delight; how he then tried out his surging strength; how he danced with Terpsichore, and how her loveliness and his strength responded in touching harmony; and last, how all four together were inspired and felt the full power of the imagination, and then in calm and with assurance left for Parnassus. . . . Balanchine has told this metaphysical story in the concrete terms of classic dancing, in a series of episodes of rising power and brilliance" which "create a sustained . . . impression of the grandness of man's creative genius, depicting it concretely in its grace, its sweet wit, its force and boldness, and with the constant warmth of its sensuous complicity with physical beauty. . . . It begins modestly with effects derived from pantomime . . . and it becomes progressively a more and more directly classic dance ballet, the melodious line and lyric or forceful climaxes of which are effects of dance continuity, dance rhythm, and dance architecture. And it leaves at the end, despite its innumerable incidental inventions, a sense of bold, open, effortless, and limpid grandeur. . . . You feel happily the nobility that the human spirit is capable of by nature."

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Letters to the Editors

Race Relations

Dear Sirs: The third annual Institute of Race Relations of the American Missionary Association will convene at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, for a three-week period from July 1 to July 20. It will be led by distinguished figures in government, religion, social service, education, the press and radio, and industry and labor.

After an initial orientation in the scientific background of race relations, the sessions will consist of seminars and panels to work out practical programs.

The institute is designed for educators, social and religious workers, labor and civic-group leaders, government employees, journalists, members of interracial committees, youth leaders, advanced students, and other interested persons.

Application for membership may be addressed to me at the Institute of Race Relations, Fisk University, Nashville 8, Tennessee.

CHARLES S. JOHNSON, Director

Nashville, Tenn., May 2

Disturbingly Reminiscent

Dear Sirs: Mr. Sternberg's article in *The Nation* for April 27, Germany: Political Battleground, displays a spirit disturbingly reminiscent of pre-Hitler liberalism. While mindful of the catastrophic terror that the parties of the left eased into power under the Nazi banner, he invokes a renewal of that tragic pattern with misty-eyed innocence. A recurrence of those divisive antagonisms would only bring new sufferings for Germany and the world.

Curiously enough, he even notes the German workers' recognition of the above-mentioned ineptness: "Even before the war many German workers realized that the bitter dissensions in their own ranks had facilitated the Nazi victory. After the collapse of the Nazi regime, it was very natural for them to resolve not to repeat the old mistakes but to form one united German workers' party." By rejecting the past's grim lesson, he persists in irresponsibility.

Voices similar to Mr. Sternberg's intone from within Germany a chant fearfully akin to that of yesteryear. The Communist bogy has been exhumed.

Germany's development as a peace-loving, self-supporting democracy will not be realized in the never-never land of Anglo-American intentions. By cleaving to the anti-Communist clamor, and cowering before Soviet ambitions, Mr. Sternberg is renewing internecine warfare between Germany's leftist groups.

Mr. Sternberg must allow that socialism and communism can coexist harmoniously in the struggle for humanity's betterment. Adherence to reactionary artifices will not circumscribe Communist influence. To counter its growing dominance requires a superior intensity of socialist purpose coupled with an irreconcilable disdain for outworn institutions and attitudes. Communist inroads cannot be wished away by polemics. The atomic bomb ticks away with undiminished constancy. There will be no time off for bad behavior.

ARNOLD DENMARK

New York, April 25

Weitling Writings Wanted

Dear Sirs: I am engaged in the preparation of a biography of Wilhelm Weitling, and would be very glad to hear from anyone who has Weitling letters or other manuscripts. My address is Office of the Dean, Oberlin College.

CARL WITTKE

Oberlin, Ohio, April 22

Correction from Korea

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading Crossfire in Korea by Andrew Roth in *The Nation* of February 23. There is one mistake that I would like to point out. The error is not Mr. Roth's but is in a quotation from Robert P. Martin, New York *Post* correspondent. The statement quoted was to the effect that as many American combat planes were massed on Kimpo Field outside Seoul last November as had been massed on any Pacific island except Guam during the war. That statement is fantastic. I have been on Kimpo Field since September 22, 1945, and know quite well the strength of our air force here. At no time was the field in a position to put up more than ten fighter planes at one time, and the great "mass" that Mr. Martin referred to comprised about fifty to sixty P-38's, of which over 50 per cent were not flyable because of the demobilization of trained mechanics.

LT. ROBERT S. JUNGER

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, May 2

Stuart Chase's Science

Dear Sirs: The challenging article Calling All Social Scientists by Stuart Chase in *The Nation* of May 4 should not go unanswered. After diagnosing Dr. Elton Mayo's social studies, Chase seems to arrive at the amazing conclusion that there are no economic laws and hence there is no science of economics.

One thing all social scientists have yet to learn: science, as such, does not rest on any one man, group, country, political or economic *ism* or *ology*. Science, including economics, rests on a scientific method. This method starts with verified hypotheses, observations, tests, and experiments made under specific and fair conditions. From such observed conditions we derive principles or laws, upon which in turn we formulate working theories—theories which can be *successfully applied* to the solution of social and economic problems.

This "clinical approach" is used by all genuine physical scientists. It is only by this scientific method that any social science can be established. As an economist of sorts Chase should know this. Yet Chase, like many of his "lost tribe," approaches his science by wholly unscientific methods, thus rendering his powers of prediction null and void.

If Chase followed the methods of a Darwin, an Edison, or a Faraday in his studies of economics he would, in time, discover a few *economic laws* upon which, then, he could base the *science of economics*. One may read all of his books, as I did for years, and fail to find in them anything that could be classed as scientific. His faulty method defeats his every good intention.

Yet there is a science of economics, based on a few definite, scientifically discovered economic laws operative in every economically formed community, whether we are ignorant of or familiar with their operations. And like the laws of physics and chemistry, economic laws hold good for all mankind.

As an economist, Chase should know that economics is a study of the nature, production, and distribution of wealth; that wealth is all material things produced by human labor applied to land, having exchange value; that the three factors of modern production are land, labor, and capital; that in this science land means all things in the material

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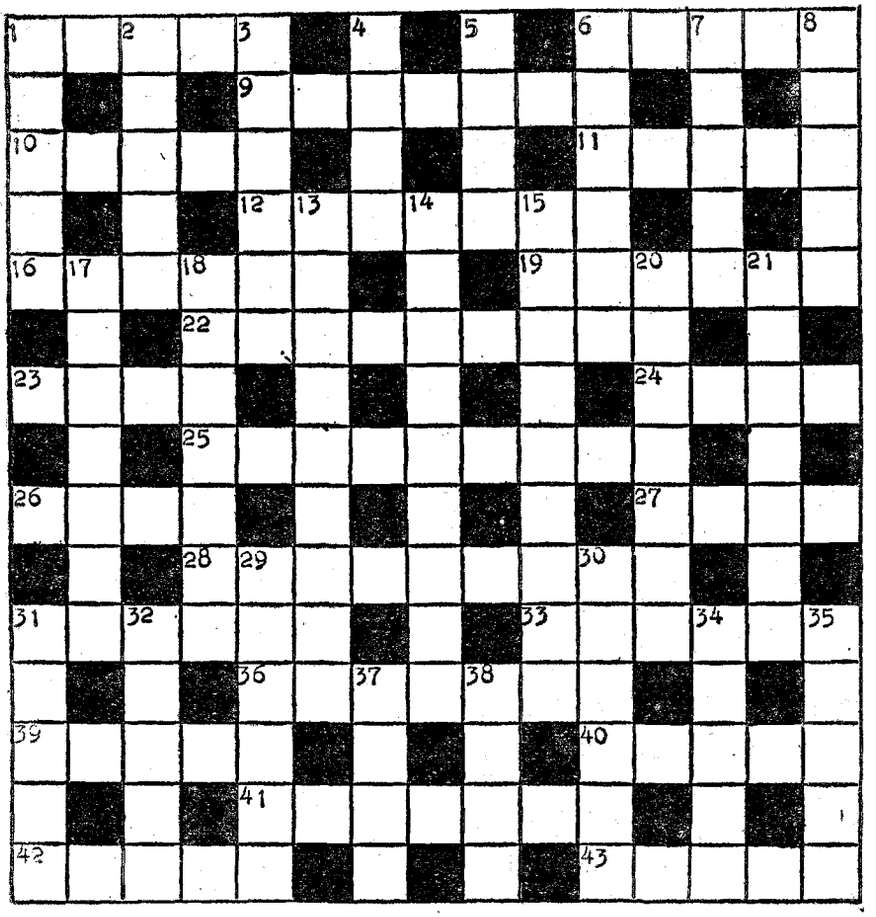
Crossword Puzzle No. 163

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be -----
6 Vamp that goes about on foot
9 Dye in the wool
10 Granule
11 Might be wrong were I not there
12 A steadying influence at sea (hyphen, 3-4)
16 "This is so ------," she said, when proposed to in a downpour
19 Abuse (hyphen, 3-3)
22 Animal mentally and physically deranged internally
23 It is the end of certain complaints
24 Make the way hard, yet easier
25 An aid to advancement in coaching
26 Sip it, don't quaff it
27 Girl for whom everybody returns
28 Riotous reveler
31 Virtuous, but might be pursued from the sound of it!
33 He's sad (anag.)
36 Less formal than an oration
39 Rustic
40 What did I omit, Ermyntrude? (hidden)
41 Greek? Not necessarily
42 "We have met the -----, and they are ours"
43 Squally

DOWN

1 Money goes to war
2 Article of food obtained by way of North Dakota
3 If you don't like him you can always make him resign
4 Threatening
5 That starchy stuff they put in cocoa
6 Not feeling too bad
7 French infantryman of World War I
8 He uses rouge in his make-up
13 Being single, they are unspoiled for the most part
14 Sort of days we like to celebrate (hyphen, 3-6)
15 Also known as sardines
17 It can't fly but might take to flight
18 They make a great show
20 Propels (anag.)
21 Spanish home of an operatic factotum
29 Gay lot which gives us an earache
30 A singe is soothing
31 Scotland's man-made river
32 Low joint
34 Some are apparent, others presumptive
35 Say about a couple of thousand
37 Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we ----
38 Any Hollywood picture, according to Hollywood

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 162

ACROSS:—1 HAREBELLS; 6 BYRON; 9 SULTANA; 10 TOOLING; 11 ENTENTE; 12 REALIST; 13 RAN; 15 ASSAYS; 17 PERSIA; 18 IRATE; 19 TRUSTS; 22 TRANCE; 25 ANA; 27 RECURED; 28 SCRATCH; 30 ORIFICE; 31 ESTIVAL; 32 NANCY; 33 TIP AND RUN.

DOWN:—1 HASTE; 2 RELATES; 3 BLARNEY; 4 LOAFER; 5 SATURN; 6 BROKAGE; 7 RAISINS; 8 NIGHTMARE; 14 AGAIN; 15 AFTERNOON; 16 SIS; 17 PET; 20 UNCTION; 21 TARDILY; 23 RARITAN; 24 NOT EVER; 25 ADVENT; 26 ASLEEP; 29 HELEN.

universe outside of man and his products; that by labor is meant all human exertion directed toward the production of wealth, and that capital is simply that part of wealth which is used in the production of more wealth. Chase should also know that wealth produced in our society is distributed as rent for the use of land, as wages for labor exerted, and as interest for the use of capital.

Had he ever attempted to discover by a scientific method the laws regulating rent, wages, and interest he would, in time, have arrived at a number of reasonable conclusions that would be valid for all social scientists.

In short, the criterion for a social scientist is very simple. He is the man who has *answers* to the social problems that perplex our society: poverty amid a potential plenty; labor-management strife; problems of producing and distributing wealth; questions arising from unscientific uses of land, labor, and capital.

Is Stuart Chase a social scientist? Is Dr. Elton Mayo? Your guess is as good as mine. Meanwhile, I cast my vote in the negative. A. BASIL WHEELER

Newark, N. J., May 20

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